

THE
HISTORY
OF
Miss PAMELA HOWARD.

By the AUTHOR of INDIANA DANBY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

V O L. I.



L O N D O N,
Printed for T. LOWNDES, No. 77,
in Fleet-Street.

M, DCC, LXXXII.



HISTORY

OF
MISS PAMELA HOWARD.

CHAPTER I.

THIS season of the year, said Mrs. *Allenson*, turning with an air of complacency to her companions, at the same time laying down her spectacles to take a pinch of snuff, has something inexpressibly pleasing in it. When I see the leaves drop from the trees, not by the compulsive boisterous winds, but gently,

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and gradually, they appear to me like so many respectable matrons, who, being mature in sense and years, shake off the gaudy and unfruitful vanities of youth.

There are few, I fear, enjoin'd Mrs. *Davers*, raising her eyes from her work, who, like the trees in autumn, quietly suffer their follies to drop from them; it requires the rough hand of Adversity to shake them off; I speak for myself at least, for I may exclaim with the Royal Prophet, "Before I
" was afflicted I went astray from the
" path of wisdom."

Too much reason have we all to make the same humiliating confession, sigh'd Mrs. *Stanley*; but let us be thankful, that though by painful, yet salutary methods, we are in a great measure divested of those
vanities

vanities which in youth are unprofitable, and in age ridiculous ; let us rejoice in having found this comfortable asylum, and such a pleasing society of valuable friends, bowing to her companions ; friends, attached to each other, by similarity of sentiments, by a union of minds, and by being engaged in the same laudable pursuits, Peace here, and Happiness hereafter. We are restless creatures, and apt to deem life insipid without variety ; but the world is mistaken in its idea of this ; it is not to be found by hurrying from one public place to another ; the body indeed moves, but the mind dozes ; whereas it is by the exercise of the latter only that true variety is to be experienced ; time is marked by the succession of our ideas ; a person who merely

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fees and hears without reflection, though they may be in perpetual motion, yet cannot be said to have tasted such agreeable variety, as the Philosopher, who is from morning to night shut up in his closet, where he may have enjoyed it in its utmost extent; his active mind may have traversed the whole extensive Globe; nor need the Earth alone confine his researches, the Heavens also are open to his view.

Your remarks are perfectly just, said Mrs. *Parker*; for, I believe, every Lady here will agree with me, that though we have now, for more than three years, been self-banished from the gay world, shut up in an obscure retreat, yet that our days never appeared so short, or our pleasures and employments so

so numerous. In the Beau Monde, where fashion governs every thing, one may mix in the most crowded Assemblies, without being amused with the least diversity of character; every one speaks by rote; no one utters their real sentiments; few indeed have any to utter; fashion dictates what they are to say, by it their every motion is regulated. I'll answer for it, that we, in our little society, discuss more subjects than half the routs in town; and though we are together almost the whole day, yet are we never at a loss for conversation, because we do not speak by way of keeping up that unmeaning buzz, which, in polite circles, is reckoned so necessary, but from the fulness of the heart.

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Mrs. *Davers* reached across the table for her friend's snuff-box; I shall never (said she, smiling,) be able to set up for a Perfectionist; tea, coffee, and snuff I must positively indulge myself in; it would be a piece of self-denial which I could never reach; the latter, in particular is a most bewitching herb; thank Heaven, 'tis also, in my opinion, an innocent one; the Poets fabled that *Jove's* Head was in labour with the Goddess of Wisdom, but no delivery was to be found for her Ladyship, till

The God took Snuff,
And out the Goddess flew.

But come, added she, turning to Mrs. *Parker*, to-night you are Mistress of the Revels, (rather too manly an appellation for our feminine

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nine and serene amusements; no matter, let it pass;) What employment have you chosen for this evening? What Authors have you selected to engage our attention? Ring the bell, let the fire be stirred, the hearth clean swept, and then.

And then, returned Mrs. *Parker*, I will, if agreeable, fulfil my promise. On talking some days ago of former scenes, I mentioned my late friend, the unfortunate Miss *Howard*. You all, Ladies, expressed a desire to know her history; I have to-day been looking over my papers, and have made a selection of her Letters, together with those of Miss *Coventry*, Mr. *Bouvery*, and some of mine on the same subject, in which you will find the particulars of her melancholy story; it

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is not so concise a method of relating it as you perhaps could wish, but I think, Letters, wrote while the heart is yet agitated with the passions they describe, are much more affecting than cold Narrative. I know not, added she, producing a large packet, whether or not these Epistles are properly sorted, and shew the commencement of the correspondence; but 'tis of no great consequence. I see, as the papers are placed, those of Mr. *Bouvery* first make their appearance; if you please we will read them first. Alas, too nearly were the events of his life connected with those of my friend; I fear, continued she after a pause, the story, in order to be properly understood, will stand in need of a Preface; I am rather diffident of my talents

talents in that way, but I will at least endeavour to be concise.

The Ladies bowed their thanks, and entreated her to proceed in gratifying their high raised curiosity.

Mrs. *Parker* hemm'd twice to clear her voice, and began as follows :

Mr. *Howard*, the father of my heroine, possessed a very large estate in *Essex*; this estate was acquired by the industry of his predecessors, for he had no reason to pique himself on the antiquity of his family ; indeed, he had too much of the *English* Country 'Squire in his composition to regard what he called such empty distinctions ; riches could, in his opinion, supply every other deficiency ; he despised the indigent Gentry who had nothing to boast, as he used

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contemptuously to say, but a long Pedigree, a Laced Coat, and empty Purse. Love, however, in one instance, triumphed over the prejudices imbibed by an illiberal education; Miss *Sutbern's* beauty and accomplishments made an entire conquest of his heart, and for some time seemed to give a new bent to his nature; she was niece to a Lady *Edgemore*, who generally spent a few of the summer months in his neighbourhood; the young Lady had no fortune, and, in consequence of that, was treated by her haughty aunt as an humble companion and dependant; a situation so mortifying to a woman of spirit and delicacy, made her the more readily listen to Mr. *Howard's* addresses, who would not otherwise have been the man of her choice; I have also
been

been told, that the old Lady exerted all her authority on the occasion, nay, in a manner forced her to the match; be this as it will, she had too soon reason to repent the having acted contrary to the dictates of her heart, and repugnant to those laudable, those generous sentiments, by which, till then, she had been governed. She patiently bore her husband's ill treatment, regarding it as a just punishment for having given her hand where she could not bestow her heart. A woman, she used to say, who makes a property of a man, who enters into the most sacred of all engagements from motives of conveniency, deserves the fate I experience. *Mr. Howard* married me for my person, I him for his estate; we are both, too late, sensible of our

error. The gratification of a mere sensual passion is transient and unsatisfactory ; and, ah ! how vain, how still less satisfactory are riches ! She made many more reflections of the same nature, which her daughter took delight to repeat, for she had fondly loved that amiable parent, who had taken infinite pains to form her youthful mind, and to teach her those accomplishments in which she herself so much excelled. *Pamela* had no other Governess while she lived ; she could not have a better ; the surly father neglected them both, nor in the least troubled his head about the education of his lovely daughter, nay, he even wished to have her ignorant ; Learning, he said, only taught the sex to be vain and impertinent ; Writing would teach her to intrigue, Dancing set her head a gadding.

gadding after Assemblies ; Music was a waste of time. All these, however, my friend, by her mother's care, was taught in the utmost perfection, so that no young Lady in the whole county could vie with her, either in the graces of her mind or person ; she knew nothing of the world, however, but from books, consequently possessed not that air of modish Assurance, which is too dearly purchased at the expence of losing the more engaging Graces of innocent and blushing Timidity. At fifteen she unfortunately lost her valuable friend and mistress ; a female of a very different cast was hired to supply her place, Mrs. *Prudentia Wilford*, an old maid, sister to the Curate of the Parish, by whom she was recommended to Mr. *Howard* as a Governess for his daughter.

The

The honest Parson was glad to get rid of her, though, as she was rather the best scholar of the two, and particularly versed in Controversy, he now and then found her hints of use to him in the composition of his Sermons. This man was a great favourite with the 'Squire, so that Mrs. *Prue* was received into his family on the most respectable footing. She took possession of that seat at the head of the table, which Mrs. *Howard* had lately filled with so much unaffected dignity; but, what was still worse, the government of the family, and particularly of *Pamela*, were entrusted to her. The last office she executed with unlimited power. What a change for my friend! She was now almost wholly confined to her apartment; no longer was she indulged in her favourite

favourite studies ; those well-chosen books, of which she had been so fond, were removed, and a load of Mystical Divinity substituted in their place, *Prue* deeming all other writings prophane. Luckily, however, her constant lectures on these dry subjects at last so teased and provoked the 'Squire, that he one day made seizure of her whole collection, and, like *Don Quixote*, demolished in a trice her valuable library, making martyrs of all her pious friends. Ah ! what a number of Calvinistical Worthies were that fatal morn committed to the flames ! *Pamela* ventured, by his orders, though in presence of her stern Governess, to lend a helping hand, accompanying her task with some rather arch remarks ; which so pleased her father, that he swore she was a clever Lass, and had

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ten times more sense than he thought for. You shall ride out with me, *Pam*, continued he, as a reward for your good behaviour; I fancied thee hadst not a grain of spirit in thee, but I find I am mistaken; I fear'd thy mind was as puny as thy person, but exercise will make thee more robust; thee art mop'd with staying in the house; by thy father's side thou comest of a hardy race; thy grandmother was as keen a fox-hunter, and as good a jockey, as any in the county; she brought strong, hale children into the world; none of your fribbling Milk-sops; she breakfasted herself on toast and ale; no slip-flops for her money; but you, *Pam*, are too much like your fine Lady Mother. Tears started into my friend's eyes at the mention of that dear lamented parent. What, whim-

whimpering, girl, cried he! I see, after all, you're a silly vapourish chicken, and, if that's the case, I have done with you.—Dear, dear Sir, interrupted she, do not be offended; admit me more frequently to your presence; the very thoughts of such a long wished-for happiness, together with your unusual kindness, is the chief cause of my tears: I weep for joy, indeed; indeed, I will endeavour to be all you would have me—And a fine thing that will be, cried *Prue*, with disdain. Never mind that sour crab, *Pam*, resumed the 'Squire; be what you will, I'm sure you shall never be an old maid; I'll provide thee a good husband; in the mean time, you shall go a hunting with me; 'twill put a little more colour into thy cheeks; I'm sure, if thou art mine, thou hast as wholesome blood.

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in thy veins as any wench in *England*; thy mother's, indeed, might spoil it, for she was a bit of *Quality*, forsooth, and if nine Taylors go to make a man, how many must it require to make a Lord, who is little better than a monkey at last. Mrs. *Prue*, who piques herself on her family, exclaimed, Horrid, rustic vulgarity! The 'Squire winked at *Pamela*, and, with what he thought an arch look, cried, Smoak that withered rotten twig of Gentility, a fruitless Branch of an old Genealogical Tree, the whole of which was not worth burning.—Sir, Sir, said she, with a face of scarlet, I would have you to know, my family—No, no, good *Prue*, interrupted he laughing, to know thee is sufficient, I do not want to enlarge my acquaintance in that way; but come, *Pam*, as thee
hast

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hast learnt to tinkle that there machine, (pointing to the harpsichord,) let's have a Hunting Song. She instantly obeyed. Well done, girl, cried he, (having, as loud as he could roar, accompanied the instrument with his voice,) faith, you finger'd it nimbly, nor did I do much amiss; let's have it again, let's have it again. Mrs. *Prue* stopped her ears. They continued the concert till the 'Squire was hoarse, and *Pamela's* fingers cramp'd; he then took her under the arm, and dragg'd her to his stables, where he was at great pains to point out the various perfections of his Favourites; that Mare shall be your's, *Pam*, said he, she has blood in her, and will keep pace with the best hunter I have; neither hedge nor ditch can obstruct her course. O Heaven! thought my
my

my friend, I shall pay dear for his good graces; a few broken bones at least I may expect; 'tis well if my neck escapes; but not a word durst she say. From that time her plan of life was totally changed; she now rode out with him in the morning, and at night lulled him to sleep by her music; but notwithstanding all this fondness, she was as strictly guarded as ever; her being heiress to so large a fortune kept him in constant terrors, lest some needy younger brother, or enterprizing red coat, should tempt her to elope.

Lady *Edgmore* still continued some degree of intimacy with their family.—About this time she came into the country, and brought with her my amiable friend and benefactress, Miss *Coventry*, who was her grand daughter;

ter ; this young Lady was an orphan ; she from her infancy lived with her Ladyship, who perfectly doated on her, because she was the only child of her favourite daughter ; perhaps, too, her having a large independent fortune, might give her the more consequence in the old Lady's eyes. *Clara*, indeed, was universally beloved ; she was lively, sensible, and had so captivating a manner, that though her person was rather to be ranked amongst the Agreeables, than the regularly handsome, yet she excited more passion, though, perhaps, less admiration, than the most perfect Beauties ; she was tall, genteel, and sprightly in her motion ; her face oval, a little pitted with the small-pox, but this, far from being a disadvantage, rendered her more pleasing ; her complexion was delicate,

cate, her lips red, the form of her mouth uncommonly pretty, and her teeth white; her nose a little turned up at the tip, which gave a smart air to her features, and rendered them altogether enchantingly engaging. I cannot help comparing a face of this kind to our modern Style in Gardening, where a number of agreeable objects are, without any appearance of art, wildly thrown together; while those which a Limner would pronounce perfect, and conformable to the Lines of Beauty, remind me of our old fashion'd cut hedges, trees to face trees, and walks to answer walks; one may say of the latter as What's his name does in the Farce, *Very pretty, and all alike.*

Not

Not so the animated *Clara*; from a lively succession of ideas, her expressive countenance display'd an endless variety. Pardon me, Ladies, continued Mrs. *Parker*, for dwelling so long on a subject which is justly dear to me, the Praise of that Friend, to whom I owe my present felicity; — but I have finished my task, now for the Packet; let Mr. *Bouvery* speak in his turn.

LET-

LETTER I.

The Honourable Captain BOUVERY,
to GEORGE CRAVEN, *Esq.*

THE whim's over, *George*; in time of peace the army is intolerable to a man of an active genius. I'm sick of it. Idleness is the worst of all evils, and in country quarters what is there to employ one; Reading would be a help, but where are the Books? In some of the larger towns, indeed, we find what are called Circulating Libraries, on whose ill-fill'd shelves are presented to view the Adventures of Misses innumerable, and eke of Masters; fit Furniture for the heads of Rural Damsels, who are as little worth conversing with, as the trash with which they feed their minds; but
neither

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neither Books nor Misses, bad enough, but still better than nothing, are come-at-able in this horrid desert to which we are banished. Here are only *Saunders*, *Rice*, *Scudamore*, and I, a joyous party; the first is a Jolly Fellow, who, when in town, breaks lamps, trips up the heels of decrepid watchmen, sings a good drunken song, lays betts, laughs loud, jest or no jest, but who has not a single idea beyond a horse, a dog, or a bumper. The second is *un Petit-maitre*, who makes a figure in the *Mall*, is ever at the tip of the mode, nay, has even had the glory of bringing up new fashions; the country Ladies die for him; and he, *Narcissus* like, dies for himself. The third's character is easily summed up; he is a Free-thinker,

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and plays at Billiards; excellent companions these for thy Friend, who has been accustomed to the society of *George Craven*. The Jolly Fellow keeps our Inn-keeper in order, sees that the wine is good, and makes what he calls Fun with the Waiters. The Fop has an eye to the desert; and my Man of Reason who takes upon him to divest us of all vulgar prejudices, retails to us scraps of *Voltaire's* Dictionary, a few pages of which he has read, so that he is not quite an Infidel upon trust. This Blunderer, whose sprinkling of brains are envelop'd in a cloud of error, has almost put me out of conceit with our System of Moral Philosophy. Heavens! if such Ideots as these set up for Deists and Free-thinkers, a man might as well condescend to be a Believer. One does
now

now and then stumble on a sensible Christian, but for some time past I have been obliged to herd with a set of Geniuses who mistake Profaneness for a mark of Courage, and common-place Raillery at Religion, for Wit; pert, insignificant boys, who, because they are Free-livers set up for Free-thinkers, tho' they never thought in their lives, nor have they talents for the task. Horrid! *Scudamore's* conversation is a better antidote against Infidelity than all the Sermons that ever were wrote. However, Necessity has no Law, *c'est la Fortune de Guerre*. By the bye, our present manœuvres, our marches from *Sussex* to *Essex*, and from *Essex* to *Sussex*, are so much in the Major *Sturgeon* stile; — *Rice* thinks it very hard service, were it only for the risque he runs

of being tann'd; a campaign in *Germany*, indeed, is something; there one feels the true military ardour; but now many of the old Veterans, who had no fortune but their pay, and, consequently, having run out in time of war, are obliged to sell out in time of peace, or to starve in obscurity, with their families, on half pay. Such is the reward they receive for many a well fought day; while their places are supplied by effeminate boys, whose white hands have just strength to weild a pike, and that's all; they go into the Army to acquire polish in the Military School; once it might produce that effect, but what does it now? look in the *Mall*, see our modern Military Heroes, no longer rough and hardy, bold and free, but a puny race, whose delicate limbs
shiver,

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shiver, if the breath of Heaven
visits their faces too roughly; in-
stead of coats of mail, coats of
filk; ridiculous puppies! Adieu, I am
sick of the subject.

Yours sincerely,

HENRY BOUVERY.

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LET-

L E T T E R II.

The SAME to the SAME.

THERE are many Gentlemens—
Stop, many houses belonging to
People of Fortune, I should say, in
this neighbourhood; for it requires
more than either Birth or Riches
can bestow to constitute the former.
The Fellows, who, through the blind
caprice of Fortune, are Lords and
Masters of those stately mansions,
have not the slightest tincture of
Gentility about them. A surly Race
of Animals, illiterate, purse-proud, in
short, right *English* Country 'Squires,
of the Mastiff breed, who bawl for
Liberty and Property over their cups,
condemn the Ministry right or wrong,
and

and whiff Politics and Tobacco at the same time in each others faces; above all, a standing army excites their ire, so that not a man who has ever meddled with cold iron, or who even merely suffers a tame, harmless spit to dangle by his side, if at the same time the fierce cock'd hat hangs out the military sign, are suffered so much as to touch the 'Squire's Horns in the Hall, either his Stag-Horns or his *French* Horns, far less his Worship's Horns. The plump jolter-headed souls shrink at our approach; yet if they did but know our Jolly Fellow *Scudamore*, they would find him a companion exactly after their own heart; nay, were a round black bob substituted in the room of powder'd hair; buckskin breeches and green shag frock, instead

of gaudy red, he might be turn'd loose amongst the pack, and I defy the shrewdest of them all to tell which was which; and then for their Wives and Daughters, nothing would they have to fear, for *Dick* never spoke five words to a modest woman in his life, nor ever does he desire to come within forty miles of one; his acquaintance amongst the Fair Sex extends no further than the Hundreds of *Drury*. Speaking of those Nymphs, puts me in mind of our Man of Reason, who boasts so much of his Free Agency, his Free Acting, and his Free Thinking; the poor Devil is most miserably hen-peck'd by a Virago of a Mistress, before whom he dares not say his life's his own; this Philosopher, this Man of Liberty, scorns to be confined
by

by the shackles of Matrimony ; he, therefore, as more modish, as more liberal, and, the better to suit his principles, as more prophane, keeps a Mistress. Literally a Mistress, for never did Mistress exercise more despotic authority over her Slave, than she does over her crest-fallen keeper. She's a noble Wench, he says, of fine spirits ; with tears in his eyes he speaks it ; those eyes which often wear the beautifying marks of her lilly hand. This woman is unfaithful to him, only with every one who will accept of her favours. For some time past she has been laying siege to my heart, but it won't do ; Beauty without the feminine graces of Modesty can make no impression on me. I would as soon make love to a man, as to a

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woman rendered worse than masculine by Impudence and loss of Virtue; no, no, my amours run in a different channel. I am interrupted by a Messenger from *Scudamore's* Dulcinea.

Adieu.

Yours as usual,

. HENRY BOUVERY.

L E T T E R I I I .

The S A M E to the S A M E .

NA N C Y and I have almost had a quarrel. She had the assurance to desire me to dance with her at the *Chelmsford* Affizes. — I never dance, Child. — What, never dance ! how little do you deserve such well-turned, active limbs ! But I know it is only an excuse. You would prefer some stupid Devil of a whey-fac'd Puppet, merely because she is virtuous, forsooth ! A virtuous Woman, *Nancy*, I should certainly prefer, but a great deal more than one generally meets with, goes to my idea of that Character. 'Tis not in Public Assemblies I should seek for them ; these are markets

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for young Girls; they go there in quest of Husbands; no unlaudable motive neither, as others would think; but I have, in these affairs, a good deal too much incommodious Delicacy. Women should be *sought*, and not condescend to *seek*. —Wonderfully nice, indeed, *Harry!* Women, in my opinion, are much upon a par; Importunity and Opportunity will ruin the best of us. I could, within my own knowledge, produce a thousand instances of this truth —With yourself at the head of them, *Nancy*. —Well, I am so far of your opinion, that I will never marry, till I meet with a woman who can stand the before-mentioned Test. She shall be try'd; if she falls, —cast, and condemn'd; if she passes the Fiery Ordeal, then, as a sufficient

cient reward, added I, smiling, I'll make her my Wife.—A high distinction, to be sure ! the privilege of sitting at the Head of your Table, carving for your Friends, nursing your Brats, scolding your Servants, and lying stretch'd by your side, knife and fork like, in a case, while you snore off the fumes of a debauch. Horrid ! continued she, with a theatrical air, a Wife !—

Not *Cæsar's* Empress would I deign to prove,
No, make me Mistress to the Man I love !

Or if there's any other name more free,
More fond than Mistress, make me that to thee.

Thank ye, Child, laughing ; the name's free enough, but, if I may judge by poor *Scudamore*, the state is a state of bondage, far more insupportable than even Matrimony, though so much rail'd at for its shackles.

shackles. — To *Scudamore* it may, *Harry*; the fellow has not wit to govern himself, therefore am I obliged to sway the sceptre; but with the man I lov'd (languishing at me) how wide would be the difference! — Why, don't you love him, *Nancy*? I have a hundred times heard you swear you did. — And, *Harry*, when either men or women swear, they certainly deceive. Falshood alone stands in need of that resource. The language of Truth, especially in Love affairs, is simple; the eyes, without the assistance of oaths, are better interpreters than the tongue. But why do I talk to you on a subject of which you are so much master! Need I tell you, that Love is not to be bought? We kind-hearted Girls never love our Keepers; besides, *Scudamore's* such a bloated Wretch!

Wretch !—That waistcoat of yours is inimitably becoming, *Harry*. Tambour !—the gift of some fond Fair One, I'll lay my life ; many a prick'd finger would she have ere it was finished ; but I fear she never had the good fortune to do as *Worthy* advises *Amanda* in the *Relapse*, “ Let blood in the fond vein, and care as little for you, as you do for her.”— And how do you know that I don't care for her, Child ? Have I not rather the disconsolate air of an Absent Lover, than of a Gay Inconstant ?—Much, much more of the latter than the former, *Harry* ; in short, such an air as might undo half our sex, were you to exert yourself ; but you are already tired of the chace ; we have been too coming :

For when we fly you, you pursue,
But leave us when you've won us.

The

The very case, *Craven*. By a strange caprice of Fortune, I never yet met with a repulse. The bad opinion this has given me of the Sex, is the only reason why I do not marry; for, on my word, if such a thing as a virtuous Woman could be found, it would be one of the most eligible states a man could chuse. Kept Women are mercenary Jades, incapable of the least degree of delicate tenderness; and then to share their favours with one's Footman!—Stop'd in my harangue by a Visitor. —A Female, as I live! A beauteous Amazon! How well fancy'd that riding-dress!—What a mistake!—the deuce take him, 'tis that confounded Fop *Rice*. Only think how he is accoutred!—I'll tell you when he's gone.

In

In CONTINUATION.

A pea-green silk coat, a waist without end, about an inch of skirt, very becoming on such a round bottomed fellow. The coat faced and lapelled with pink, bows of ribbons instead of buttons ; a pink stock ; thin pink breeches, wide enough to hold half a dozen such spindle shanks as his ; quite a *Dutchman* round the middle, a *Frenchman* at the top, and Fool from head to foot. I had almost forgot a pair of boots, (for the creature had been riding,) made to draw up like a Lady's glove. What, *Rice !* cry'd I, I swear I took you for a woman ; and, but that I recognized your keen hatchet face, I should have run the risk of receiving a wound on mine, from your sharp nose or chin, by attempting to salute you, so tempting

tempting at a distance did you appear in those gay trappings; you are more than a Beau now; you are a little world of Bows; this, said I, giving one of them a smart twitch, is more modest than its owner, for it blushes at his folly.—Psha! psha! *Bouvery*, you are so curs'd satirical; I was going to tell you of my morning's adventure—And, whatever you may think of my cloaths, eyeing himself in the glass, they have, I believe, done some execution. Such a divine Creature! I languish, I die to see her again; oh! she must, she shall be mine.—Thine! And what wilt thou do with her, *Billy*? set her on thy chimney-piece, amongst the rest of thy nick-nackry? Thou already keep'st an Opera Girl, to establish thy character as a Rake and Macarony; a Girl who, I don't believe

lieve thou would'st know, wast thou to meet her ; a Girl, as ugly as the Devil, who costs thee very little more than a thousand a year. But courage, *Bill*, flapping him on the shoulder, by this trifling expence, thou hast almost purchas'd the title of a Pretty Fellow.—He took up his switch ; Very well, *Harry*, I find you are not to talk to this morning ; you'll repent when 'tis too late. Gad take me, such a Bear, and such an Angel !—I have heard of the Devil's herding with Swine ; but you, *Rice*, are the first that ever met an Angel in company with the latter ; a droll assortment, it must be owned.—Will you listen, or will you not, *Bouvery* ? Speak, for I'm on the wing.—You're more upon the sail, I think, (with your streamers flying,) I don't mean that you are put up to Auction ; for
light

light as thy head, heels, and dress are, no Auctioneer would be such a Fool as to undertake thee, since thou would'st lie heavier on his hands, than the Minor's Flints and Whale Blubber. I know not who would bid for thee, *Will*, except it were a Milk Girl, on the first of *May*, that she might despoil thee of thy Ribbons, to deck her Garland. But come, added I, smiling, let's shake hands and be friends, then on with your story. The Boy has ten times more good-nature than falls to the lot of half a hundred Men of Sense.— Why you are to know, *Harry*, that I rode out this morning on my new horse, and, smart as you see, (flourishing his switch,) when, in a narrow lane, I met such an Angel, the finest Girl that e'er I darted glance at; young, delicate, tall, thin, spirited,

ed,

ed, and blooming as *Hebe*. She was followed by a round faced bob-wig'd country 'Squire, with flannel waistcoat, and buck-skin breeches; a complete Bear; after him cantered two fellows in smart liveries: People of some Fashion, thought I; so drew up to let them pass. The sweet Creature gazed at me with no small complacency, let me tell you; her horse stumbled, probably because she pay'd more attention to your humble servant than to her bridle; she gently tapp'd him with her whip, not a step would it move. What's the matter, *Pam*? cry'd old Square-toes. — My Horse won't go on, Papa. — Why, how should it when that Thing's in the way? return'd the Rustic; *Dapple* always was afraid of a Monkey. I should have given the Fellow a little discipline for his Country Wit, but
that

that I, from the first moment I beheld her, determined to have his Daughter; 'twas therefore necessary to keep well with Dad. — It was so on many accounts, interrupted I, laughing. — I wish, Sir, said the Angel, (resum'd *Will*,) in the prettiest voice I ever heard, your Horse would please to go on; he seems as high bred, and as much in the *Bon ton*, as his Master. — Master! cry'd the 'Squire with disdain, Mistress, you mean, Girl; though indeed he seems neither one nor t'other, neither Fish, Flesh, nor good Red Herring. I could no longer contain myself. Sir, said I, and cock'd my hat, I am a Gentleman. — You may be either a Gentile or a Christian, for what I care, return'd old Surly, but pr'ythee never add Man, for to Manhood I am sure thou hast no pretension. — So saying

saying he gave his Daughter's Pad a brisk switch, and away she sprung; Dad followed. I stopp'd one of the servants; Friend, who do you live with? With my Master. A saucy fellow, a true *English* Footman, said I, better fed than taught. — True, *Harry*. — And who is your Master? That Gentleman. I tipp'd him half a crown. His name, Friend? Off went his hat; O, Sir, 'tis 'Squire *Howard*. And the young Lady, Friend? His Daughter, please your Honour, Miss *Pamela Howard*, and a very sweet-temper'd Lady she is, and a large fortune, for she's an only child. By *Jupiter*, thought I, I have a great mind to make her my Wife; 'twill be the shortest way of arriving at the accomplishment of my wishes. — A very wise resolution, *Will*, and as easily executed as speedily resolved on.

Oh,

Oh, as to that, *Harry*, I saw, by the Girl's eyes, that I might have her for a word's speaking : The old Don may indeed ride restive, but why ask his consent ? She's an Heiress ; a Rope Ladder, and a Trip to *Scotland*, do the business. — The Hair-dresser. — *Craven*, I am going to the Assembly. Adieu, *Nancy* does not yet give up the hopes of figuring with me ; confoundedly will she find herself mistaken ; I have too much modesty in my composition publicly to insult the modest women by exhibiting with a ——. So, pretty *Nancy*, you must chuse another Mate. Adieu,

Yours,

H. B.

L E T-

L E T T E R IV.

Howard Manor.

*To the Honourable Miss COVENTRY,
from Miss HOWARD.*

NEED I repeat to my charming Cousin those promises of inviolable friendship, which flowed involuntary from my heart on our melancholy separation? No, I need not, because you have honoured me with the title of *l'Ingenu*. Yes, my dear Clara, I am indeed quite an artless Country Girl, incapable of Deceit, speaking only what I think; you know also that I have a Constancy in my Nature, which those of a more volatile disposition can seldom boast, and yet I hope there are many ex-

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ceptions, and of that number will, I believe, be the dear *Coventry*.

There is nothing on earth I so much wish for as your presence; to-day in particular I stand in need of it. Do you know I am, for the first time in my life, going to be left, *tête à tête*, with that formidable Creature (as they have been represented to me) call'd Man, and he is to say fine things to me, too, or rather we will, as more conformable to the Rural Stile, say, he is to court me. They are, I fancy, two very different affairs, and, if I rightly understand the character of my intended Suitor, very little of the former will fall to my share. Mrs. *Prue* declares he is a perfect *Hottentot*, and my father swears he's as keen a Sportsman, and as Jolly a Fellow as any in *England*.

I know

I know not which of the two conveys the most unfavourable idea. A *Hottentot*, well bath'd and sweeten'd, may be a very decent Being, capable of polish ; but as the *French* Barber said of his wig, you may immerge a Country 'Squire in the sea, without being able to straighten one of his crooked habits. My Savage is a Man of Nature, by Education he would cease to be a Savage ; while my Rustic, by that very means, is become one ; for early was he taught to drink, swear, smoke, and to hunt the hare. He has lost Miss *Prue's* friendship, by tearing her apron with his spurs, for so it seems he did pretty handsomely the last time she had the misfortune to encounter him ; a favourite apron, too, sprigg'd by her virgin fingers, and worn, for the first time, on that memorable

D 2 day,

day, when, caught by the sanctity of her countenance, Doctor *Cantwell* conceiv'd for her a spiritual friendship; this apron has she with tears, which dim both her eyes and spectacles, been all this morning mending, every now and then breaking forth into invectives against the clumsy-footed tearer.

O my Dear, he is come;—Thank Heaven, here is Sir *Richard Golfworthy* also; I hope, then my dreaded *tête à tête* will be deferr'd, at least for this evening.—Miss *Prue* is all of a flutter; did not expect to see Sir *Richard*; he is a great favourite of her's; so much the Man of Fashion, she must stay to change her Cap; a terrible solecism in good breeding to appear before him *en deshabille*; she has hurry'd on her black Tower, and
with

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with pomatum so firmly fasten'd it to her own few straggling hairs, that nothing but a boisterous salute from the 'Squire can discompose it; no polish'd ebony ever equall'd it for smoothness; and then the little Butterfly placed on the top, with outstretch'd wings retreating to the back part of her head, leaves such a capacious, well-wash'd oaken face, as shining too as if rubb'd with wax, fram'd with that jet black wig which you have so often threatened to demolish; to the end of this, large three-dropp'd ear-rings, a ruff well starch'd and blue'd, round a neck which has no small resemblance to a parchment thread-paper; a yellow silk gown, with robings and cuffs of flaming scarlet, embroidered with green; in all my life I never beheld a more laughable

D 3 object;

object ; she certainly sat to *Hogarth* for the Lady going to Church in a cold frosty morning. She has at last finished the labour of the Toilette, which has set her pure and eloquent blood in motion, and now her cheeks glow with a red that out-blushes the lively brick-dust.—Heavens ! were she to see this description ! but my Father daily abridges her power. No longer am I obliged to submit my letters to her inspection ; all I am compell'd to do is, to shew them open to him, that he may be convinced they are Addresses to you ; he then seals and directs them himself, and also sends them to the Post-Office. How much more liberty is even this, than what I once durst hope for ; but, though a Tyrant Husband, he is not hardened against the feelings of Natural Affection.

tion. *Miss Prue* is ambling towards the door, bursting through her tight-lac'd stays, so that in shape she resembles a Wasp. Adieu! I follow.

In CONTINUATION.

We enter'd the Parlour. With his back to the fire stood *Sir Richard*; one hand in his buckskin-breeches pocket, the other flourish'd out a snuff between his fingers; near him was stuck up the *Squire*, with open mouth, swallowing all he said, boot-ed, spurr'd, and bob-wigg'd; a whip under his arm, also a favourite *Spaniel*, sufficiently dirty with his journey, at his feet. This Animal pay'd us his compliments in so loud a key, that no one else could get leave to be heard; for ten minutes did he bark, in spite of all his Master's endeavours to silence him. During

this time, my Father drank a glass of punch, and Sir *Richard* took snuff with the most careless air imaginable; at length the Dog was quieted, and we advanced.—My Daughter *Pam*, Sir *Richard*, is come to pay her Respects to you, said my Father. I curtsy'd; he bow'd; with a stately air reared himself up again; —Most Obedient, Ladies! — scarce glancing his eyes towards us. We took our seats.—And so, Sir, continued the Knight, still keeping his post at the fire, and turning half round to 'Squire *Evans*, both his hands thrust into the before-mentioned breeches, his coat and waistcoat compleatly bundled up under his arms,—and so, Sir, the Fox once more escap'd us, on which we redoubled our speed, leap'd hedges and ditches, Neck or Nothing. — La!

Sir

Sir *Richard*, interrupted Miss *Prue*, in a kind accent, you perfectly harrow up my blood; how could you expose yourself to so much danger! I wonder too how so very fine a Gentleman can take pleasure in such vulgar Sports.—Vulgar! Miss, cry'd the 'Squire. The Knight slightly bow'd to her compliment. — Why what can we do in the Country, Ma'am? not a Rational Soul to converse with?—To be sure, Sir *Richard*, our Country Gentry are a strange set of Beings, yet there are some *Beaux Esprits* to be met with, tossing her head; besides, we have Assemblies, but you seldom honour them with your presence. — Now and then, Ma'am, out of a frolick; but such Assemblies! as you call them; such a set of rosy-fac'd Farmers Daughters, with their Mothers!

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I made the Countess of *D---* laugh immoderately by describing to her one of these curious Hops. I shall, however, go to what you call your County Ball, to-morrow night, because I expect to meet some of my *London* Friends. You, Me'm, will, I suppose, be there; (again he took Snuff;) adding, and Miss *Howard*. She gave a significant wink to my Father, who, for once, understood her meaning, and, what is still more wonderful, for once condescended to take the hint.

O yes! Sir *Richard*, cry'd he; I have long intended to let *Pam* see a little of the World, so I may as well begin to-morrow night, as any other time; the Girl has had a few Lessons in the Dancing Way, and foots
it,

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it, I can tell ye, as nimble as the best of them.

You dance Cotillons, I presume, Me'm, addressing himself to me.

No, really, Sir, nor ever saw them danced. — We used formerly, cry'd *Prue*, to dance nothing else; about fifteen years ago, when I was at School, added she, not liking the expression formerly, it seeming of too old a date.

Formerly, Me'm! with a sneer; I know not, indeed, what our Grandmothers might do, but they are now reckoned quite a new fashion in *England*, just imported from *France*; but I need not have asked you if they danced them in this part of the world; Jigs and Hornpipes are fitter for Country Bumpkins.

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Oddso! cry'd the 'Squire: I'd rather see a good Hornpipe, than all your swimming, fideling, hoppy-kicking *French* Monkey Tricks of your fine Folks. Last time I was at the Play, I was rarely pleas'd; there they danced as they should do; it was What-d'ye-call-'em and his Gang, I wish'd to be amongst them; for though I say it, that should not say it, I'll not turn my back on any Man in the County, for Butter'd Peas, and the Fox-hunters Jig; but there, as I was in Town, and as I went on purpose to see Sights, and as I had seen the Lions, and the King, and the Wax-work, and the Elephant, besides the Little Dwarf; I thinks to myself, I may as well throw away a little more of the ready Rino; 'tis but for once and away, so I'll
e'en

e'en go to Madam What's her name, and see what Fun's going on there. Well, I put myself into the hands of a Wig-dresser, and Taylor; a fine hand they made of me, but that's neither here nor there; the Weather was confounded dirty, so that a body could not walk, and I had left Bumper at the Livery Stable, quite at the other end of the Town, so that as little could I ride. Well, what does I do, but whips me into a Chair, a vile Lantern; the motion of which made me so confounded sick, that I was forced to call for quarters, but the more I call'd, the more they jolted, and be-hang'd to 'em; I broke both the glassses in my hurry to let in a little air, and kept my head out of the window all the way, so that my fine frizzled-out wig was, by the rain,
con-

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converted into a batter-pudding; ne'er heed, thought I, I shall be made amends by and bye, when I get to the end of my journey.

If you was as long in getting to that, 'Squire, interrupted the Knight, looking at his Watch, as you are in getting to the end of your Story, you had need to have a larger stock of Patience than your Hearers.

Nay, I ha' done, cry'd he, I was only going to tell ye, that instead of the Fun I expected, and for which I pay'd so dear, not a thing saw I but a large room, and a large company, dress'd out, to be sure, but all as hum-drum as so many Quakers; not a single symptom of jollity amongst the whole set: At last, up got ten or twelve of them, hand in hand, with faces so solemn, that I
thought

thought they had been sent for to attend a Funeral, instead of which they walk'd slowly to the middle of the room, and then, to my great wonderment, up strikes the Music; on drew I my Gloves. O, ho! thought I, are ye at that sport; then I'm your Man; so I seizes hold of the first Woman I met with, an old Haradan, by the bye, whose dancing days had long been over, and we stuck ourselves up the lowest couple; the Folks stared, the Fidlers made a strange sort of a scraping, so I clapp'd my hands for 'em to begin, when off went my Companions in a ring, leaving my old Girl and I to gaze at 'em. However, I watch'd my time, and the first opening I could find, in hopp'd I with my Partner; nothing but a kind of hop would do, for the Devil

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Devil himself could not have footed it to such a tune as they play'd; well, I had hardly mix'd amongst them, when they all made a full stand, and a sower hatchet-fac'd Woman of Quality said to me, in a peevish tone, Lord, Sir, don't you see we are dancing a Cotillon !

There was so much Humour, and so much Good Humour in the honest 'Squire's description of his *London* Jaunt, that he received from each the tribute of a hearty laugh for his pains; a great deal more of the same kind of Conversation pass'd on this visit;—but the new Gown, in which I am to make my first appearance in public, is just brought to be fitted on, so I must bid you adieu; this Gown is to be worn in honour of Sir *Richard*, who has about as much
intention

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intention to address me, as I have of becoming the Grand Signor's favourite Sultana; but let them think so, the error will, at least till they bring him to an explanation, save me from the persecution of my other two intended Suitors; to me they are all equally disagreeable; once more adieu, my sweet Cousin; do not be terrify'd at the length of this scrawl, and repent your having honour'd me with your Correspondence.

I am, my dear Girl,

Most sincerely yours,

PAMELA HOWARD.

LET-

LETTER V.

Miss COVENTRY to Miss HOWARD.

I'VE been much pleas'd with your description of *Prue* and the Squire. You're a sly girl, *Pamela*. Who, from your appearance, so timid, so gentle, would think that you could write in so saucy a style; or that you have such a taste for ridicule. I begin to think, that, striking as the difference appears between our characters, 'tis more owing to the different Modes of our Education, than to Nature; and that if you, my sweet demure Cousin, had been as early introduced into the *Beau Monde*, as much flatter'd, caress'd, and indulg'd, as your Friend, you would have been just such another little giddy Flirt as *Clara*. But

I want

I want to ask you a thousand questions; you have been at a Ball, you say, or at least was on the wing for one; well, then, have you seen the lovely *Bouvery*? They tell me the regiment he belongs to is quartered at *Chelmsford*; most likely he would honour your Assembly with his presence, and if he was there, 'tis equally clear that you must have distinguish'd him; nor can I think my pretty *Pamela* would escape his notice. Tell me, then, Child, is he not an enchanting Fellow? I never saw him but once; that once was sufficient; it did my business; I have positively fancy'd myself in Love ever since. I am, you know, always in a hurry, therefore dispatch'd that affair as quick as I do every thing else: Remember I have a prior claim to his Heart; a poor claim, I fear,
it

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it will be; take care of your's, however, for positively I shall have no patience with you, if you become my Rival. I was going to say, that we should certainly pull caps were this to be the case, but that satisfaction will be deny'd me, because I recollect that your odd Fish of a Father won't let you wear any, but chuses to have you run wild about the house, with your fair flowing tresses waving on your forehead and neck, like the manes of his pretty unbroke Fillies. Do you know I thought you monstrous handsome the first time I saw you, with those same locks wantonly sporting in the wind, for our first meeting was in the Garden; a sprig of jassmine, and a few rose buds, were placed on one side of your head; you look'd like the Goddess *Hebe*, as drawn by the most masterly hand,

hand, so fresh, so young, so blooming, and so sweet. I remember that, when I got home, I instantly set my Maid to work to demolish the Labours of my Barber, as Lady *Dawson* calls them; with infinite pains *Susan*, after being the death of half a score combs, deliver'd it of powder, pomatum, and black pins—a very cleanly progeny! There will be no bearing me now, cry'd I, shaking my disentangled locks, for my naturally light head is now forty times lighter than ever. I look'd in the glass; let me see, am I at all like the lovely *Pamela*? I burst into a loud laugh.—Heavens! a perfect Mermaid, with hair so smooth, so sleek, not the least tendency towards a ringlet in the whole bunch; do it up again, *Susan*, I was not born to be a Shepherdess.

Well,

Well, but about this *Bouvery*. I told you I had seen him but once, that was at *Cornelys's* last Mask'd Ball. He figur'd as a *Turk*; never was dress more suited to an elegant majestic person; the whole room admir'd him; not a Female there who did not wish to be the favourite *Sultana* of the handsome *Solyman*. My cock-up nose put me in mind of *Marmontel's Roxalana*; Avaunt, ye stately Pyramids, call'd fine Women, cry'd I, and ye Inanimates, called Regular Beauties, make way for a sprightly little Mad-cap, who is determined to hold that mighty Sultan in her Chains, was easier said than done; such a crowd continually followed him, that there was no getting within eye-shot. He being like *Saul* amongst the People, could be seen at a distance; but my diminutive

Ladyship

Ladyship, weary with the fruitless pursuit, gave over the chace, and this the more readily, because no hopes remain'd for me, after I saw that monopolizing Flirt, Lady *Kitty Sunderland*, seize hold of his arm, which she did not think proper to quit for the rest of the evening. She is, you must know, one of those modish Dames, who claim the *British* privilege of perverting Liberty into Licentiousness; who thinks, as a Beauty, she may do what she pleases, bravely defying the censure of the world, which is indeed so accustomed to these Female Heroes, who dread nought, and who in so manly a voice call the Waiters, and with such a masculine grace rattle the Dice-box at their Tavern, the Coterie, that nothing they can do excites the least surprize.

Bouvery

Bouvery unmask'd at the Side-board. Ah, my favourite Aquiline Nose and Eagle Eyes, the very sort of Face I wish'd to belong to that striking Person. I am now sure that the Fellow is not only handsome, but monstrous sensible; I never yet was mistaken in that kind of physiognomy; there the eyes are as windows to the head, and let one see how admirably it is furnished; how penetrating their glances; what arch meaning is there in that look, that smile; do you know, that I fancy my skill so great in these affairs, that I think I can tell, by the shape of a person's lips and teeth, whether they are witty or not; I'll lay any bett that *Bouvery* is so.

Sam Ashley of the Guards had followed me the whole evening; he
was

was at this moment saying truly soft things to me, some borrow'd Speech from *Romeo and Juliet*, about a rich Jewel in an *Æthiop's* Ear. I know not how or which way he was endeavouring to render this fine compliment applicable to me, but I answer'd him quite *apropos de Bote*: Yes, your remark is perfectly just; but pray who is that graceful *Turk*, that attracts such universal admiration? The Boy is good-humour'd to excess, he reply'd, without the slightest tincture of Ill-nature, and, Madam, is an Officer of Dragoons, one *Henry Bauvery*, a very clever Fellow; they say, a great Favourite with the Ladies; some envious people brand him with the name of a Fortune-hunter, because, being a younger Brother, he has very little of that to boast,

and yet he figures away at a great rate.

Charming *Bouvery*, thought I, how well now would Thirty thousand Pounds be bestow'd on thee! — What a pity it is that Women are not allow'd, in some cases, to make the first advances; all Women of large Fortunes should, I think, be allow'd this privilege, without incurring the censure of Indelicacy; for how many young Fellows of Merit and Education lose opportunities of making advantageous Matches, from a modest despair of success, and fear to make the attempt; and how many Women also pine in secret for Men every way worthy of them, except in point of Riches. One unsurmountable obstacle is as bad as a thousand. Strange sort of

of Laws the Male Wretches made for us; some of them have prov'd detrimental to themselves. Of how many generous actions would Love, of which the Female Heart alone experiences the genuine delicate force; how many disinterested Marriages, at least on the Fair Ones side, would take place, were we but allow'd to speak, and not obliged to wait till spoken to. I, for example, should be tempted to whisper a few civil things to *Henry Bouvery*. At Eighteen rich, gay, and, as the world says, handsome, there is no fear of my being suspected to be at my last Prayer: Husbands I may have in plenty, but I'll have none of them, at least of the Group that have hitherto offered; a vile assortment! Adieu, *Pam*, I'm going to be sooth'd with *Syrmen's* impassion'd sounds, the

pretty Female Fidler, with the fine black eyes and delicate arm.

Write away, Child, and as much as you please; if I find the dose too large, I can take a little at a time: No ceremony, I beseech you; I have almost as much of *l'Ingenu* in my composition as your Ladyship, for if I don't like people, I seldom take the trouble to disguise my sentiments, so that I am in general thought a very saucy Girl, particularly by some of our old Lady's Cronies, with whom I have hardly common patience; a set of scheming, lecturing, teizing, antiquated mortals: Some of her favourite Men, too, are my utter aversion; there are your prudent young Men, with large Estates, little Wit, few Vices, no Virtues, well plaited Ruffles, stiff skirted Coats, and

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and Hair *en stoko*, very pretty kind of
hum-drum, soft-headed Beings for
Husbands to those who like them;
that, take my word for it, does
not your

CLARA COVENTRY.

E 3

LET.

L E T T E R VI.

Miss HOWARD to Miss COVENTRY.

MOST justly, good *Prue*, does thy favourite Author rail at Public Places? Yes, they are indeed highly dangerous. Ah, *Clara*! Why was your little Friend indulged in last *Monday's* fatal amusement; what a restless, unsatisfied Being am I grown since then.

Yet so pleasing the Pain is,
So soft is the Dart,
That at once it both wounds me,
And tickles my Heart.

Do not laugh, my dear Girl, indeed, I am serious; permit me, then, with my usual frankness, to describe, if possible,

possible, these new-born sentiments, which both delight and torment me. — Why should I hesitate to reveal them? Modesty herself might own them without a blush; and yet I know not how it is, but I feel uneasy, fearful, and dissatisfy'd with myself; my natural timidity has acquired new force; I start at every noise, I sink into reveries, and, if any one hastily rouses me from them, my heart palpitates for an hour after. What a change! Now farewell my late acquired Vivacity; if this is Love, surely it is, of all others, the gravest Passion. Dare I venture to tell you who the charming Object is, that has caused so sudden, so strange a Revolution, in the once peaceful Breast of your *Pamela*? Need I tell you? Ah! no doubt you already guess; there are not two

Henry Bouverys in the World; and who, but a *Bouvery*, need only be seen to conquer: But, alas! I more than saw; he danced with me; he talked to me; the Music of his Voice; the Eloquence of his Tongue; amongst what strange Beings have I hitherto lived and convers'd? Creatures of a different Species from this angelic Man: *Clara*, my dear *Clara*, tell me, may I not attribute to your sportive vivacity what you said of him in your last? or was you in earnest, when, like me, though in a style more suited to your lively Disposition, you acknowledged his power? By our friendship, I conjure you, be serious in your answer to this important question; my Passion is yet in its infancy; Time and Absence may efface the impression he made on my unguarded heart; a few
struggles

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struggles it will cost me, but what struggles should I think too much to be just, or to promote the happiness of my *Clara*. You, my Dear, have a large independent fortune, and no one to controul you; *Bouvery* is worthy. I have been told that his affections are disengaged; where, then, could he make a more amiable, a more advantageous choice? He will, I suppose, ere long, return to your gay Metropolis; amongst your numerous Acquaintance 'tis impossible but you must find opportunities to see, to converse with him; no more is required: I, on the contrary, have, perhaps, seen him for the last time; 'tis best for me that it should be so; for supposing every other obstacle removed, his being in the Army, would alone be, to my Father, an unsurmount-

able objection: Many are his prejudices; a settled Contempt and Aversion to the Military Gentry is one; so deeply rooted, that neither Time, Argument, nor a Conviction of the Worth of Individuals amongst them, can make the least impression on him; obstinately is he fixed in his Error; there is then no hopes for me, were he even to think me worthy of his Addresses. Alas! have I the slightest reason to suppose a Wish of this nature ever entered his Head? Am I so vain, poor insignificant Country Girl, to imagine, that because he condescended to distinguish me in some measure from the other Rustic Nymphs, he therefore beheld me with that partiality which the Graces of his Mind and Person compell'd me to? Really, my Dear,
I now

I now feel it is a dangerous thing to be ignorant of the Ways of the World, to be artless one's-self, and incapable of detecting Deceit in others. Besides, to be, as you fine Ladies are, flatter'd and caress'd from Childhood, to be accustomed to the Society of agreeable, well-educated Men, prevents that dangerous surprize, which a Country Girl, like me, bred in absolute Retirement, feels at the sight of an object like *Bouvery*; the Flattery too, before-mention'd, hardens the Heart, and gives Self-consequence; wrapp'd up in the Contemplation of your own Perfections, you have not leisure to examine those of others. Self-love is a Preservative, against *Love*; the tender Glances of a *Bouvery's* Eye, the soft Pressures even of a *Bouvery's* Hand, might,

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in Town-bred Ladies, awaken no other Sensations but those of Vanity, while the whole Frame of your rustic *Pamela* trembles at the seducing Touch. Tell me, my Dear, is it the Fashion for you Courtiers to sigh, to look unutterable Softness, to grasp the Hands, to falter out imperfect Sentences, which seem to burst involuntary from the full Heart? Is this the present Mode of Behaviour in your to me Unknown World? Is this merely the *Bon Ton* indiscriminately practised on all they meet with? Is this what you call well-bred Gallantry? Oh, if so, keep to your Beaux in Town, send them not here, with their melting Graces, their tender Smiles, and unmeaning Blandishments; to them it may be Sport, but Death to us. Is *Bouvery* such a one; was his
Heart

Heart silent while he so ardently gazed on me? *Clara*, I will talk no more of him; never Man was so form'd to please.

In conversing with his own Sex, he is manly, sensible, and spirited; but when he addresses himself to ours, the whole Air of his Countenance is changed into the most captivating Softness; shall I be so vain as to say, that to me, in particular, he assumed a double portion of Tendernefs. Lady *Fanny W—*, a gay young Widow, was *Golfworthy's* Partner, consequently of our Party; she affects the Coquette, without having, in my opinion, the requisite Talents gracefully to support that Character; she laughs and talks incessantly; her Smiles give
a childish

a childish cast to her Features ; what she says is exceedingly insignificant ; she seems to be weak, giddy, and eagerly on the watch for Admiration ; in chatting to her, *Bouvery* displayed a fund of witty, or rather satyrical Raillery ; he said a thousand things, which she mistook for Compliments ; every one else must have seen that he was amusing himself with her Vanity, and that though he might admire her pretty Face, he had a thorough contempt for the rest of her Head ; at the same time, however, I was tempted to envy her, for engrossing so much of his attention ; her Fan, her Gloves, her Handkerchief, were continually falling, and that to give him the pleasure of picking them up ; then one of her Curls was
unpinn'd

unpinn'd with dancing: Heavens, *Bouvery*, I shall be a downright Object; prithee fasten this horrid Ringlet; then her Tippet was unpinn'd; *Golfworthy*, my Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance, do fasten it for me; no wonder I am so ill dress'd, not a single Beau at my Toilette this Morning; so ran she on, while the Gentlemen paid themselves for their Services by little Liberties, which I thought it did not become even a Widow of Quality to grant.

I said I would talk no more of *Bouvery*. Pardon me, Cousin, and have the goodness to indulge me in my weakness; to you I have freely revealed it, but in this part of the world hardly dare I whisper it to
the

the silent groves, lest babbling Echo should catch the sound.

One thing I had almost forgot. Fortune, my Dear, for once ambitious to distinguish Merit, has spitefully deny'd you *that* pleasure; she will not give you leave to act the generous pleasing part of a *Charlotte Rusport*, for *Bowvery* now resembles the agreeable *Dudley* in nothing but his delicate Sentiment, and his Red Coat; to speak intelligibly, by the death of an Uncle our Favourite is become master of Two thousand a-year. This account we had last night from *Golf-worthy*.

About the latter I have more to say; but as I am running into the fault I apologized for in my last, I
will

My PAMELA HOWARD. 89

will take my leave for the present,
and pick up the Knight again in
my next.

Adieu, my lovely Cousin,

Ever yours,

PAMELA HOWARD.

LET-

L E T T E R VII.

Mr. BOUVERY to Mr. CRAVEN.

MY old Flame, Lady *Kitty Sunderland*, made me, as a penance for railing at her favourite study, Novels, take a solemn Vow. I was then her devoted Knight, and was not to have a single Kiss, till I had comply'd with her command. She made me vow, I say, to read no less than *Clarissa*, which itself is a Lady's Library; and the Patience of *Job*, and his Wife's Patience to boot, appear'd, at starting, hardly sufficient to carry me to the end of it. I kept my Vow, however, and also one that I had privately made in regard to my Fair Tormentor. Sweet *Kitty*, to what purpose

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purpose didst thou study *Clarissa* !
But peace be to the yielding Fair ;
she's marry'd, her Husband is sa-
tisfy'd, so am I. How chanc'd I
to stumble on this subject, I wonder ?
Oh ! I was going to say, that the
eight Volumes through which I tra-
vell'd did agreeably entertain me,
taught me some Morality, and, I
think, improved me in the Art of
writing Letters familiarly, and per-
haps has loosened my tongue, for,
since that time, I am become as
prating a Fellow as any *Lovelace*
of them all ; and I foresee, for your
comfort, *George*, that I shall grow
worse, instead of better, at least
while I continue in Country Quar-
ters ; for, Oh ! I have now a Theme,
the live-long summer's day's, too
short to sum up half her Charms.
Hey-day, in Heroicks ! Even so,
Craven ;

Craven ; and, what is still worse, in Love ; at least I begin to fear something of this kind is going on in my Heart, a Heart which I never yet could steel against the captivating glances of modest Beauty. I may thank the Assembly for all this mischief. I entered the Room with the most careless air imaginable ; nobody here worth my attention, I dare say ; no Bumpkin shall tremble for his Daughter on my account ; my Red Coat, at least, shall not break the Peace. Hitherto *Nancy* was by far the finest woman in the Room ; dress'd too with superior elegance. She would chat to me ; I wish'd to discourage her. I despise the man who aims at the character of a Rake, a Fellow who glories in his shame ; for my part, I would sooner people should think me any thing

thing than a Libertine. I hope, I am not one. Oh! if I were, this smiling gentle Angel would make me what she pleased; and surely Purity and Virtue alone can please her, for Modesty seems to have marked her for her own. So I should pronounce from her appearance, but appearances are deceitful. Thoroughly must I know her, thoroughly must she be put to the proof, ere my opinion is fix'd.—Yes, thou insinuating Charmer, many trials must thou pass through, ere *Bourne*'s Heart is wholly thine; he will not trust that timid air, those dark long eye-lashes, so bashfully thrown down, and through which the sunbeams of thy fine blue Eyes so sweetly dart; nor yet will he trust that rosy Blush which flatters on thy Cheek, while speech flows from thy Tongue.

I was

I was standing in a tooth-pick posture, with my back to the fire, when in came Sir *Richard Golf-worthy*, a Fellow infinitely vain of his person, (which is indeed tolerable,) and no less proud of his Birth and Fortune. In Town he is always at the very tip of the Mode; in the Country, as what he thinks a becoming air, worse dress'd, though in the same style as his Groom. He entered in a red plush coat, with green cape, a strip'd flannel waistcoat, coloured stockings, and a black scratch. He came up to me — Dear *Bouvery*, I'm glad to see you. How left you our Friends in Town? A pretty contrast this, to *Cornelys's*. Fork'd - out Rustics! but I'll shew you something, by and bye, more passable, nay absolutely what a winter or two of *London* polish would render

render a prodigious fine Girl. Here she comes; Mrs. *Prue*, upright as a May-pole, and as antient as its institution, marches in front; Old *Testy*, full of Politics and *October*, bringing up the rear. A double guard! his house too is like a garrison;—to say truth, an Heiress of Forty thousand is worth stealing.—Thus ran he on; while I, lost in extacy, astonish'd, ravish'd with her Charms, stood, like a second *Cymon*, with gaping mouth, that testify'd surprize, gazing on my *Iphigenia*; on a sudden, somebody twitch'd me by the sleeve; there, there, *Harry*, that's my *Pamela*.—Thine! Sword and Pistol would have been the word, but turning, I saw it was only the harmless *Rice*, whom neither Male nor Female need to fear. Well, cry'd Sir *Richard*, what say you to
Pamela

Pamela Howard? What say I? Oh, first bring me to her, and then shalt thou hear what I will say. Can you introduce me?—I believe I can, though the Father has an unconquerable aversion to a Red Coat; but as I have the largest estate in the county, your little 'Squirelings of yesterday are happy to attract my slightest notice; besides, I have had it whisper'd to me, that *Howard* would be proud of the honour of calling me his Son-in-law. To think of the Fellow's assurance! How Lady *Betty*, Lady *Lucy*, and the Duchess of *B——*, would railly me, were I to convert a Country Girl into Lady *Golfsworthy*. Oh, confound Lady *Betties* and the Duchess—Let's talk of lovely *Pamela*.—Quick, lead me to her, or she'll be engag'd. No fear of that, *Harry*; see the Old
Don's

Don's eyes are fix'd on me; the Girl, too, I'll warrant, sits on thorns till her fate is decided; but they'll both be mistaken; I have no notion of putting it in the power of Girls, of a certain Rank, whom nobody knows, to boast that they have danc'd with *Sir Richard Golsworthy*. See, there comes my Partner, my dear lively Widow; first I'll speak for you, then for myself. Away whisk'd the proud ridiculous Coxcomb. He said something to Mr. *Howard*, who look'd at me, and shook his head; he then added something else, on which he shrugg'd up his shoulders. The Knight return'd, took me by the arm; I've done your business — Yes, he had some hand in it, but *Pamela*, the lovely *Pamela*, she began, and she compleated it; her conversation ex-

actly suited her form; insinuating and delicate. The Father, for some time, watch'd all our motions. *Golf-worthy* told me afterwards, that he had much ado to prevail on him to let me dance with her; nor should he at last have gained his consent, had not Mrs. *Prue* put in her negative, and then, like a true *Englishman*, terrify'd at the mere idea of Petticoat Government, to shew his Independency, he yielded at once; partly, too, for the pleasure of Contradiction. I got the Parson of the Parish, who is become one of my shooting Acquaintance, to engage the 'Squire in Politicks and Backgammon, over a sneaker of Punch, provided for them in an outer room; but I was little the better for his absence: Of all Spies, an old Maid is the most vigilant. Mrs. *Prue* had
the

the good fortune to pick up a Partner, who, by his Dress and Manner, I was tempted to pronounce one of those honourable Gentlemen who enjoy a Place at Court, but 'tis the Court of Justice, and Sir *John Fielding* their Sovereign. This Youth had no slight resemblance to *Filch* in the *Beggars Opera*; she, however, was not a little pleas'd with her Beau, on whom she smil'd most alluringly. She took her stand above my *Pamela*, as her Partner did above me, with a confidence worthy of his Profession; by this means, not a Glance of my Fair One escap'd her, except when her own were directed to her Macaroni; his Dress was most laughably in that style.—

A most joyful interruption—*John*, whom I sent to patrol before the

garrison, is come to inform me,
that the Lady of the enchanted
Castle has rode out. Quick, quick,
My Horse, my Horse, a Kingdom
for my Horse.

Dear *Craven* adieu.

Yours, as usual,

HENRY BOUVERY,

L E T-

LETTER VIII.

The SAME to the SAME.

POWERFUL Compassion has, for some hours past, banish'd even Love from my Breast, or at least it lies dormant, while the former engrosses every Faculty of my Soul.

I know not if you remember *Orlando Easton*. I believe you had left College before he came; he is one of the worthiest Lads in *England*; his Heart warm, his Friendships sincere and steady, nor are the Accomplishments of his Head inferior to the Virtues of his Heart; one dash of Gravity too much is all the fault that even

the Gay can find in him; he was a second Son, and intended for the Church; with indefatigable zeal did he study the Duties of that sacred Profession; but though strictly pious, there was such a gentle engaging Charity mix'd with his Religion, that Infidels themselves sought his acquaintance. Poor *Easton*, why did the Caprice of Fortune thwart the strong bent of thy Genius! In the Church thou wouldst have made a respectable figure; but in the Army! — In an evil hour, his Uncle, General *Byron*, took a fancy to him; he is an old Bachelor, immensely rich, had been a Soldier from the time that he had strength to wield a Pike, and had behaved on every occasion with distinguished Bravery. Arms are his Glory and Delight. In Old Age he fights his battles
o'er

o'er again; he places Courage in the first rank of Virtues; without that for a foundation, he thinks none of the rest can flourish; he rides the same Hobby - Horse as *Uncle Toby*, and no less furiously; but, alas, he wants that milkiness of Blood, that God-like Philanthropy which so much distinguished *Sterne's* well-drawn Hero; he was enraged at the Thoughts of his Nephew's wearing Petticoats, as he calls them; never shall my Sister's Son join the Canting Tribe, cry'd he; I'll have no smock-faced, white-handed Fribbles in our Family; but Men. Let them act as such: *Orlando* is born to make a figure in the World; the narrowness of his Fortune shall not stop him in the race of Glory which I hope to see him run. A fine

F 4

scheme,

scheme, truly, to bury such a promising Lad in a College! Make him over to me, Brother; from this moment I adopt him. Old *Easton* was delighted to put his Son into such good hands, 'twould be the better for his favourite Heir, (as worthless a Rascal, by the bye, as ever disgraced Humanity.) *Orlando*, with infinite reluctance, left his Studies, and was compell'd to turn his thoughts to another channel. Our parting, though for a short time, was affecting; what, then, must he feel, when he bade adieu to the Idol of his fond Affections? Deep and lasting are the first impressions of Love; his worthy Tutor's Daughter had long made him her Captive; the flame was mutual; the Father had, by their united intreaties, been won to grant his consent.

consent to their future union. He had Friends, and from them obtained the promise of a Living for his Pupil, as soon as he had completed his Studies; the Lovers wisely preferred the Substance of Happiness, to the Shadow. Competency and Independency were all they wish'd; their Minds were of too exalted a turn to be captivated with Riches and Grandeur. Content was their aim. Had Fortune open'd to them all her Store, they would have ask'd no more than what Fate seem'd to have allotted them, Peace, Retirement, and mutual Love. The Uncle's unexpected, unwish'd - for Favour, dissipated at once their pleasing, humble Dreams of Bliss; never could they hope for his consent to their union; for could he even

be brought to overlook her Birth, inferior to his, and her want of Fortune, he was as great an Enemy to Marriage as he was a Friend to the Army; a Soldier, he used to say, should know no Mistress, should take no Wife, but be wholly devoted to the Service of his King and Country; a Wife and Family rendered a Man effeminate, and were such heavy Baggage, that they were an impediment to a Hero in his career of Glory.

Orlando and his Mistress exchanged the most solemn Vows of Constancy; they embraced a thousand times; the gentle *Eliza* sunk from the arms of her Lover, into those of her sympathizing Father. I dragg'd away my Friend. He went to Town, lived at his Uncle's, where

where he enjoy'd every advantage that Wealth could give. Content was not of that number. The first vacancy that fell in the Guards was purchased for him. For many reasons he would have preferr'd the Dragoons, because he thought the Officers less coxcombical, less free in their Morals, because less liable to temptations in Country Quarters, than by a constant residence in the gay Metropolis. Another reason he had in reserve; Country Quarters must, in the course of their rotation, have fallen in *Oxfordshire*, where all his Treasure dwelt.

War was at this time threatened, and soon after broke out. The Military Whim seiz'd me; I went into the Army also. The Town was crowded with Red Coats; some-

thing of the spirit of ancient Chivalry seized all ranks. In the common people the flame was not a little augmented by the warlike Ballads with which every street resounded; in imagination our Foes were already conquered. That one *Englishman* could beat ten *Frenchmen*, was one part of our Soldiers Creed, which would not with them admit a doubt. We were ordered to *Germany*. A week before we began our march, *Easton* call'd one morning early, before I was up. — I am going, cried he, fighting, to take perhaps a last adieu of my *Eliza*; will you accompany me? I will fulfil my solemn Engagement, then let Fate dispose of me as it sees fit; if I die, let me at least have the satisfaction of dying her Husband. — Die! For shame, Man!

who,

who, on this occasion, thinks of Death? Let Glory, Laurels, Fame, ingross our attention; many, many must fall on the (as I trust it will be) well-fought field, yet who thinks he shall be of that number? Hope, dear flattering Hope, supports us. Courage, then, *Orlando*. I prophecy that you and your *Eliza* shall safely meet again. Be not rash, therefore; the remembrance of your Bride, the tender tie of Husband, may weaken your mind, and render you timid when you should most exert your resolution. Take my advice, write to her, but trust not yourself with an interview, much less think of making her your Wife at a time like this. As a Friend, I am jealous of your Honour. The Military Profession was not your choice. Some rash, giddy-headed Boys may despise

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spise danger, less from courage than want of thought; but to Men of Feeling and Reflection, say what we will, War and Slaughter have their terrors; Time, and being accustomed to such scenes, added to the example of others, will give a sort of mechanical Courage; but as the first Law of Nature is Self-preservation, all that a man hath will he give for his Life; so let us boast as much as we please, yet Reason tells us that 'tis more natural to fly from Danger, than to covet it. Courage, therefore, is not born with us, but acquir'd; those Heroes then who affect to delight in Fighting for the sake of Fighting, are Monsters, and ought, instead of being admired, as they are by the inconsiderate Multitude, to be banish'd from Society, that they may herd
amongst

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amongst their Fellow-Savages of the Forest. Few of those *Drawcansirs* have the least share of Morals, what then but Madness could make them unfeelingly rush on Death? A good Man, in a just cause, will dare to die, but never will he wantonly court unnecessary Danger. We, *Easton*, are going to fight, I hope in a just Cause, but that we may acquit ourselves as we ought, let us beware of encumbering ourselves with fetters that may effemenize.

Your Sentiments, my dear *Bouvery*, are on this subject exactly conformable to my own; but fear not for me; a less tumultuous life than that of a Soldier would have been my choice, but Fate overruled my inclinations. I am enlisted in the Service of my King; I trust
I shall

I shall be enabled to do my Duty; let me also discharge the obligation I owe to Love: To deserve the continuance of my *Eliza's* Affections, will stimulate me to acquit myself as I ought; the dread of disgracing her Choice, would, of itself, give me Courage, though Nature should have deny'd it.

I order'd my carriage, and we sat off; I saw him at the Altar plight his Troth; one night only could he stay with his afflicted Bride. We embark'd for *Germany*. In every Battle his Conduct was unexceptionable; 'twas more, he even distinguish'd himself on one or two occasions. Peace, at last, again waved her Olive-Branch; we returned to *England*; *Byron* received his

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his Nephew with open arms; his Purse was no less open to him; his Will also was made in his favour; but still he did not think fit to render him independent, by any fix'd Settlement. *Easton*, however, ventured, precarious as his situation was, to bring his Wife privately to town. He durst not publickly acknowledge his Marriage, and that was the only alloy to his Felicity. He beheld with a Father's Fondness, but at the same time with all a Father's Anxiety, the increase of his Family; already had his *Eliza* bless'd him with two fine Boys, when I left Town; his worthy Father-in-law, Mr. *Herbert*, about that time came to spend a few weeks with them; I have since heard from *Easton* the melancholy news of his death.

I wish'd

I wish'd to be concise in this little Narrative, but the subject, to me interesting, has run away with my pen. Adieu, for the present; you shall have one Post's respite.

Yours,

HENRY BOUVERY.

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LETTER IX.

The SAME to the SAME.

NOT a word on my own affairs; first let me dispatch those of the worthy *Easton*. The morning when I wrote my last, *John*, unsummon'd, came into my room as I sat at breakfast—Oh, Sir! Pray pardon me! But I have heard such melancholy news; I'm sure your Honour—Heavens! interrupted I, what news? Miss *Howard*!—Oh, Sir, 'tis nothing concerning her Ladyship; but I just now met *Gilbert Mackintosh*—What, my Friend *Easton's* faithful old Soldier? The same, Sir. *Gilbert* was standing at the *George-Inn* Door, resting against the Porch, and taking a solitary pinch
of

of snuff. I thought, an't please your Honour, there was something more than usually rueful in his Countenance: I went up to him, however, and gave him a hearty shake by the hand: My old Friend *Gib*, I rejoice to see thee; how is thy Master? He shook his head, and, taking another pinch of snuff, wanted me to place a starting tear to its account. I again ask'd for Captain *Easton* and his Lady. Both here, cry'd he, pointing to the house; a sad affair has happened; my old Master, the General, has sent us all to seek our Fortunes, I think. Here I interrupted my honest, but too prolix Valet. At the *George*, you say; give me my hat and sword. In a moment I was at the Inn. I open'd the room door; there sat *Eliza*, one child in her arms, another

ther at her knee, while my Friend,
at a little distance, leaning on a table,
his head reclin'd on both his hands,
gaz'd at them with a fond but me-
lancholy attention. I ran to em-
brace him. My dear *Easton*!—Oh,
Captain *Bouvery*! (rising and retreat-
ing from my extended arms,) per-
haps you, like the rest of the World,
may now despise your ruin'd Friend;
lavish not your *Gareffes* on me, till
you know whether or not I con-
tinue worthy of your Friendship.—
You are, you must, *Orlando*; the
past answers for the present; I know
you deserving of my warmest esteem, I
know you incapable of a base or disho-
nourable action.—You are mistaken;
Mr. *Bouvery*; I have, in the World's
Opinion, forfeited my Honour: Yes;
I have indeed sacrificed to my Con-
science what is falsely so call'd, and
now

now *its* Testimony is all I have left to console me. For myself 'twould be enough; but for these, (looking at his Wife and Children,) how cheerfully would I sacrifice my Life, had I a right to dispose of it. I could not persuade myself that I had.—Alas! by preserving a now torturing Existence, in compliance with what I believe to be my Duty, I have forfeited the means of preserving those, who are a thousand times dearer to me than my own. You behold me now, Mr. *Bouvery*, a wretched Out-cast, without Friends, without Fortune, and with a blasted Fame; a Coward. Heavens! could my Traducers feel what I felt, when Ruin, Shame, and Ignominy stared me in the Face, they would have found it requir'd more than all their boasted Courage, in such a situation,

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to act as became a Christian, and to respect the Divine Laws more than the Laws of Men. — Retreat not from my friendly Arms, dear *Easton*: Still you hold the first place in my Heart; still, did I say, nay, my Esteem for you is, if possible, augmented; you have shewn a most heroic instance of Bravery; inflexible to ill, and obstinately good, in spite of the most fatal consequences, you held fast your Integrity. After your Behaviour in *Germany* no one could doubt your Courage, when there was a proper call for you to exert it: But had you really been what the *Hectors* of our Age hold in such affected Contempt, I would have bestow'd on thee a double Portion of my Regard, to supply the Deficiency of others. Shall a Man suffer for the Fault of his
Con-

Constitution? I would as soon quarrel with a Man for being of a different Complexion, as for having a less degree of Fierceness in his Composition. A Man who does not play the Savage, or wantonly shed his Neighbour's Blood, may yet be endued with every social Virtue, and capable of Actions truly heroick. Who, for example, would not prefer the divine *Plato* to the mad *Alexander*? Be comforted then, *Orlando*, at least in regard to the idle Censure of the World. That, return'd he, gives me no pain, for I know my Heart, but I've lost my Uncle's Favour, and no power on earth can prevail on him to be reconcil'd to me; my Enemies have even discover'd to him the Secret of my Marriage; this has widen'd the Breach; my Father is dead, with-

out

out so much as mentioning me in his Will; my Brother makes my late shameful Conduct, as he calls it, like my Uncle, a pretence to disclaim me; you see me, then, turn'd out into the World, not one Spot of which, except my Grave, that I can call my own, and all this because I refused a Challenge from a witless Infidel, a senseless Boy, who has but just exchange'd his Leading-strings for a Sword, and who deserves a Rod more than what he calls the Satisfaction of a Gentleman. He was throwing out his witless Jests against Religion; for some time I heard him with silent disdain, but at last, encourag'd by the Applause of his brother Coxcombs, he went such lengths, that I condescended to reprove him; I should be a despicable Coward, said I, were

I tamely to sit and hear my King treasonably abus'd ; and shall I tamely sit and hear the King of Kings, whose Servant I am, as my Creator and Preserver, shall I suffer his sacred Name to be wantonly blasphem'd ? Forbid it Honour, Conscience, and Gratitude. I had hardly finish'd this Sentence, when a Titter and a Wink went round the Company ; a pretty audible Whisper, too, of, Smoke the Methodist, a Disciple of Doctor *Squintum's*.

The Fop now exerted his utmost efforts to make me look small, as they called it, and at every pert, unmeaning Speech he made, his cockaded Brethren treated him with a Horse-laugh, and Bravo ; he grew at last so insufferably rude, that, though I held him below my
 Resent-

Resentment, being not two Degrees removed from Idiotism, yet Passion at length got the better of Prudence, and I gave him the Chastisement he wanted; every one cry'd out, what *Dicky*, will you suffer this, and wear a Sword? They kept their distance, however, lest they should share in the same School-boy Discipline, of which they stood as much in need as my spindle shank'd Hero.

Next Day I received a formal Challenge; it seem'd to be begun and ended in different Hands; for I dare say Master *Woodwit*'s trembled too much to perform the Task. After a severe struggle between Prejudice and Conscience, the dread of Shame, and the certainty of my Ruin, Conscience got

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the Victory, and I answered as
follows :

“ YOU are, I fancy, but imper-
“ fectly recovered of your last
“ Drubbing; if you want another,
“ I have a new Oaken-stick at
“ your service, but Swords are not
“ fit for Boys, like you, to handle;
“ I should be sorry to send such
“ an unfledged Reprobate into E-
“ ternity; stay where you are; be
“ thankful, and try to learn, that
“ to be Wicked and to be Witty
“ are two things exactly opposite
“ to each other; I have shewn
“ that I dare fight, when my King
“ commands, but I will own that
“ I dare not fight, when the Lord
“ of the Universe forbids.

Yours,

ORLANDO EASTON.”

This

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This is a Copy of my Billet; the whole Regiment were up in arms at the Receipt of it; a Court-martial ensued, the consequence of which was, my being obliged to quit the Army with infamy; my Enemies, indeed, represented the Affair in a light widely different from the Truth; the officious Colonel wrote an account of it to my Uncle; and the same day, by an anonymous Letter, he was also informed of my Marriage; the rest I need not tell you; my suffering, patient Wife, my ruin'd *Eliza*, and my friendless Children;—Friendless, interrupted I, seizing his Hand, no, *Orlando*, Fate has at length furnished *me* at least with an opportunity of proving my Regard, if Grandeur and Gaiety have not depraved your Taste; if you can still

relish a calm Retreat, a moderate Competency, in a station where your Virtues will procure you Respect, still you may be happy; for at this very time, by the Death of my Uncle, I have a Living in my Gift of about Three Hundred a Year; 'tis yours, my worthy Friend, how fortunate that it so seasonably became vacant. This event, added I, smiling, will, no doubt, establish you in your Doctrine of a particular Providence, against which, I have so often disputed with you, and, indeed, this seeming instance of it is so exquisitely pleasing to me, that I shall, for the future, be tempted to adopt your System.—O, *Bouvery*, cry'd he, casting himself into a Chair, this tide of Joy,—the first, the most ardent wish of my Heart so unexpectedly gratify'd,

—wor-

—worthiest of Men, truest of Friends. I want words—Help me, *Eliza*, to thank our Benefactor;—before I was aware, she was at my Feet; both her fine Eyes, and those of her smiling Infant, fix'd on my Face. Scenes like these are not to be described. I next Morning saw the once more chearful and contented Family set off, attended by the faithful *Gilbert*, who had formerly been a Soldier in *Biron's* Regiment, and by his Bravery had acquired his Notice, so that when by Age he was disabled from further Service, the General treated him with the Run of his House; he was also an Out-Pensioner of *Chelsea* College; he became so attach'd to *Easton*, that he accompany'd him to *Germany*. During my Friend's prosperity, he was

amply rewarded for his Attendance.
 — When fickle Fortune turn'd her
 back on him, he used all his
 Rhetoric to persuade *Gilbert* to re-
 turn to his old Master; the honest
 Fellow heard him in silence, but
 with a Countenance that spoke his
 Feelings more forcibly than his
 Tongue could have done; when
Orlando ceased, he pull'd out his
 Mull, took a large Dose of Snuff,
 coughed to clear his Voice, affected
 both by the Contents of his Box
 and his Emotions; in one Hand he
 held the Horn, and with the other
 pull'd out a dirty Leathern Bag;
 “ There, Sir, what is in this was once
 yours; with a bountiful Hand you
 gave it to me; I have very little
 use for it, therefore take it back;
 a Highlander is not bred in Luxury;
 in my Youth, when I had a keener
 Appetite

Appetite than now in Old Age, I have often breakfasted on Oatmeal and Water, taken a Snuff for my Forenoon's Lunchin, a Nap for my Dinner, and good Pottage again at Night. Contented in the midst of Poverty, I have sat herding my Sheep on the Side of a Sunny Hill, and would not have changed my Station with a King; the Life of a Soldier is a Life of Hardships; fear not, Noble Captain, that *Gibby* should prove a Burthen to you; but leave you I will not; I have enlisted in your Service for Life, be it War or Peace, Famine or Plenty, never will I desert your Colours."

The Parsonage-House is a little out of repair; I will have it fitted up and furnished in a style that will, I know, suit the taste of my Friend;

mean time they are gone to reside at my Seat in the neighbourhood, where they will find my Housekeeper, a very good sort of a Woman, with two or three other Servants; there *Orlando* will also find an extensive Library. I'm bound in fetters by this little fascinating *Pamela*, or I would have accompany'd them. Yet why should I stay? All my attempts to gain admission into the Castle have hitherto been fruitless; even *Golfworthy* has not interest enough to obtain one ~~that~~ favour. Since the Assembly I have seen her only on horseback, and then the watchful Old Dragon her Father was ever at her side; Bows and tender Glances only are we able to exchange. The 'Squire objects to a Red Coat; let him chuse his colour, for soon shall I be at liberty to wear
what

what I please ; in a few days I shall lay aside the gaudy Trappings of a Hero, and may then beat my Sword into a Ploughshare, or convert it into a Lark-spit, for the use of my new Friend *Wilford*, who is a sworn enemy to all the birds in the air, nor makes he a bad figure in devouring the fishes of the sea, when at the hungry hour of Three they present themselves before him ; then short is his Grace, and the word, Fall-to.

Adieu, *George*. Shall I see you here ? no, keep out of Harm's way ; you may, indeed, see me, but I'll be hang'd if you see *Pamela*, lest the Damsel should see you too, and that with the eyes of Favour ; the Father I am sure would, 'Squire as you are, Lord of the Manor, with

a swinging Estate, and not a single
Red Coat in all your Wardrobe—
keep your distance then, as you value
the Friendship of your

HENRY BOUVERY.

LET.

Miss PAMELA HOWARD. 133

LETTER X.

Miss COVENTRY to *Miss* HOWARD.

A Large Party were assembled in our Drawing-Room; her Ladyship and the *Tabbies* were at Cards, while their grand-children wanton'd round them, flirting with the Beaux. I sat lolling, with graceful ease, on a Sopha; one of my feet rested on the fender, and display'd to advantage the most enchanting little white and silver Slipper you ever beheld. At the back of my chair, stood the *Will Honeycomb* of the present age, adjusting my Lappet, admiring my Hair, and swearing, that by unfastening one
single

single black pin, half a score *Cupids* had made their escape, and settled on him like a swarm of bees.

A greasy set of *Cupids* they must be, cry'd I, laughing; catch them, and seize their arrows, for I am sure Monsieur *Curtoy* has so effectually plaister'd down their wings with pomatum, that I defy them to make their escape.

Horrid, Madam! what an idea! greasy!

Greasy, Sir! why do you think the *Hottentots* have no *Cupids*? Don't you know, that ever since the *British* Fair have taken their flowing Ringlets out of the hands of Nature, and put them into the hands of *French* Friseurs, the nice clean *English* bred Sons of *Venus* could no longer wanton there, we were therefore

fore obliged to send to the *Cape of Good Hope* for a cargo of less delicate Gods, to supply their place; they are not, however, so expert at the Bow, and do far less execution than the original inhabitants. Before my Bear had time to answer, in came *William*; a Letter for your Ladyship; eagerly I seiz'd it;—from my Angel Cousin, exclaim'd I, and smack went the seal.—Avaunt, ye light Beings, waving at the Swains my lilly hand; for a few moments, ye Earwigs, keep your distance, and let me listen to the gentle *Pamela*.

I glanc'd my eye over the first side. In love!—My Heart flutter'd. With whom? with whom?—Quick, dear Girl, I'm on the rack;—with *Bouvery*.

Ah!

Ah! 'twas what I guess'd, 'twas what I fear'd! the packet dropp'd from my enervate hand, a faint scream, and back I threw myself in my chair. O Heaven!—to my assistance flew the Beaux. — Dear Miss *Coventry*, what's the matter? No bad news, I hope.—The worst in the world, I've lost a Captive, at least one for whom I had selected the sharpest Dart; one whose Heart I had vow'd to conquer; when in steps my little Cousin, and steal the wish'd-for Prize. At that moment I received a summons from my pious Grandmother to take her Cards, while she retired to her Devotions. What a Farce! The old Lady agrees with *Solomon*, that there is a time for every thing; a time to game, a time to pray; a time for scandal, a time to scold; but very seldom,

seldom, only on Highdays and Holidays, a time for Good-Humour; though as to myself I have no reason to complain in this respect; but, to tell you the truth, I am at present in no very good humour with her; a scene I was last week witness to, disgusted me to the highest degree. A modest, genteel, well-bred young Woman, came to solicit her relief for an aged Mother, who not long had felt the keen edge of Adversity, and who is a near Relation to my late Grandfather, a worthy man as he proved, no thanks to his Wife's Discretion, who, in her Dotage, marry'd him for Love, (a second Husband, observe;) but let that pass. I entered the room while the fair Suppliant was making her humble request. She held a handkerchief at her eyes. There was a dignity
in

in her Sorrow, and a winning Softness in her Looks, which instantly preposseſſed me in her favour. — I could, as *Sterne* pathetically expreſſes it, have taken the gentle Mourner in my arms, and cheriſh'd her in my boſom; not ſo her haughty Ladyſhip; with a tone of truly Quality inſolence, ſhe exclaim'd, “I tell you again, I have nothing for you; I know nothing about you; don't tell me of your genteel education; it makes one ſick, to hear a ſet of indigent wretches talk of Breeding.” — I mentioned it not from Vanity, Madam, returned the young woman, ſighing, but as an aggravation of my preſent diſtreſs; Cuſtom has not yet reconciled me to it; and to whom but the Affluent can an indigent wretch, as you too juſtly call me, apply. I preſume not to plead my
Mother's

Mother's relationship to —— Stop, cry'd my Lady, in a rage, remind me not of my weakness, nor think, because I marry'd a Beggar, I am to maintain all his beggarly kindred ; —I could no longer restrain my indignation. Good Heaven, cry'd I, is it possible you should treat any fellow creature with so much cruelty ? You disclaim relationship with this young Gentlewoman ; and, upon my word, I almost blush for the conduct of her whom Duty and Nature command me to reverence. (You know, *Pam*, I am pretty free with her Ladyship ; I cannot, for the life of me, conceal my sentiments ; I forgot her age, I forgot every thing but her Inhumanity. You have often said, I was a spoilt Child ; may be so ; but a generous Heart will not condescend to play the

the Hypocrite.) She bore my reproof with wonderful patience; Conscience told her, she deserved it; she only interrupted me with, You are young, Child, and inexperienced; did you know the world as well as me, you would not so readily give ear to every plausible tale of Distress. O then, exclaimed I, may I never, never know its detestably prudent Maxims; if Experience is to weaken my Compassion, to destroy the most delightful Sensations of which the human Mind is capable, may I ever remain ignorant, at least in these respects; then, turning to the young woman, I took her hand, Your misfortunes are of themselves sufficient to endear you to me, but your relationship to an amiable man, who took infinite pains to form my morals, gives you a double claim to
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my Friendship. I am an independent Mistress of a large Fortune, 'tis on these occasions that I am most sensible of its value; live with me, be my Companion; we will then consult on what is proper to be done for your Mother.—Pardon me, Madam, continued I, turning to my Lady, I ought first to have asked your consent; this house is yours; but I trust you will excuse that omission, in consideration of my laudable motive for making such a proposal. She colour'd, partly from Anger, but chiefly from Shame; to be short, *Pam*, I came off Conqueror; and here, close at my elbow, sits my other new-found pretty Cousin, as I call her, though, I believe she is not, strictly speaking, a Relation; but she is what is better,

More than kind, tho' less than kin.

I have

I have a notion we shall be monstrous good friends, when Time has rubb'd off a little of her reserve; at present she rather perplexes me with her superabundant Politeness; no making her, on any consideration, enter a room before me; sometimes (as I am always quick in my motions) she almost throws me down, by starting back to make way for me; then I am Madam at every word, nor will she deliver up a pin without a low curtesy. All this *etiquette* is not a little troublesome to me who love dispatch. I could not help telling her, the other morning, in rather a peevish accent, an anecdote, which I remember to have heard of an *English* Ambassador, who was going to take an airing with his Majesty of *France*; on approaching the carriage, he drew back,

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back, to make way for the King. (I shall tell it horridly !) the King motioned to him, to take his seat ; with a bow, he instantly obeyed ; on which he was by the Grand Monarch pronounced a truly well-bred man.—'Tis all very fine, very pretty, indeed, you cry, meaning this curious chit-chat Epistle ; but what is this to *Bouvery* ? that Monarch of my Heart ; true, well, Child, let's talk of him then. Let me see ; O you are in love ; and he ogles you ; then he can talk, ye Gods, how he can talk !—After this you ask me a question, a serious question ; to which I now am about to return you a serious answer : As thus ; the question was ask'd me, Do you love *Bouvery* ? and I answer, I liked him, perhaps would have marry'd him, had he,

he, in his turn, ask'd a few serious questions also; but as 'tis much more than probable he never will, I chearfully yield you up a prize, for which 'tis in vain for me to contend; keep him then, if you have caught him, and may

Wit and Beauty teach you ev'ry Art,
More deeply to engage his Heart.

I likewise pray, that a certain (sometimes obstinate) 'Squire may be propitious to his Suit, in spite of his *Suit of Regimentals*. Pardon a bad Pun, Child, in return for my good Wishes; then, when the happy day is fix'd, send post haste for little *Clara*, and she will, without a tincture of Envy or Rivalship, dance at your Wedding; and so adieu, thou fairest of the Fair.

CLARA COVENTRY.

LET-

LETTER XI.

Mr. BOUVERY to Mr. CRAVEN.

YOU know my Ideas of Women,
Craven, Ideas grounded on Experience; yet still I am not absolutely an Infidel in regard to Female Virtue; were that the case, all thoughts of Wedlock would be absolutely out of the question; but then, knowing that the present age produces but a very scanty crop of Vestals, and that few there be who find them, I had determined to put that Fair One's Virtue to the utmost proof, whom I should select as the Object of my serious Address. All this you knew, but I am going to tell you something which you did

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H

not

not know, nor, knowing me, would ever have guess'd. How potent is thy Power, O Love!

Would you believe it, *Pamela*, the sweet *Pamela*, on a very slight acquaintance, so effectually made me her Slave, that all my prudent Resolutions vanish'd into Air, and in an evil Hour, as it might have prov'd, I wrote to her Father, offer'd myself as his Son-in-law, and gave him a true and particular Account of my Fortune; no contemptible one, *George*, for a younger Brother. But only think what an Answer he was pleas'd to send me! The horrid, purse-proud Rustick! My Pride too was up in arms at the mortifying Indignity. In the first Transports of my Rage and Disappointment I vow'd Revenge; but
shall

shall I unjustly punish the Daughter, the lovely, innocent Daughter, for the Sins of her Father? No, my gentle *Pamela*, still thy *Bouvery* will give thee fair play. Only let her be as much her own Friend, as I desire to be so, and she has nothing to fear. Oh, that she may stand the test! My Happiness, as well as her's, depends on her Conduct. Never before was I so interested in a Woman's Virtue; if she proves frail, adieu, for ever adieu, to all Thoughts of Marriage; 'tis my last essay; stand firm, then, thou, at present, unsullied Charmer; for the Honour of thyself and thy Sex stand firm. You will perhaps think it a kind of paradox, that I should so earnestly wish her to continue chaste, while, at the same time, I avow my resolution to use my every art to

render her otherwise; but, *George*, how know I that she is truly so, till put to the proof? False Coin may pass on the heedless Multitude, but the prudent Man will try it, ere he exchanges for it his valuable Merchandize; so will I be thoroughly convinced, that the Virtue is genuine for which I barter my precious Liberty; this is but just. I do not, on this occasion, regard myself in the light of a Seducer; I mean to make her honourably mine, if she proves worthy of me; her Fate, then, depends on herself. You will perhaps say, that it is not an equal contest; that I am practised in the Ways of the World; a Man of Experience in the Arts of Gallantry; she an ignorant Country Girl: Why, *George*, were she otherwise, were she a Town-bred

bred Fair One, I should not think her worth my Pursuit, certain that she would prove an easy Prey. Surely 'tis an advantage to be ignorant of Vice, to have receiv'd a strict Education, not to have had her Passions inflam'd by Plays, by Balls, and Midnight Masquerades; reflect on this and own, that she is as fit a Person as could have been chosen to be the Champion of her Sex's Honour. They may say what they please of our intriguing Arts, but, in my opinion, there is not a shadow of excuse for the Fall of any well-educated Female, who has common sense, allowing them to have the same Nature, the same Violence of Passion with ourselves, (which, however, I much doubt;) still the Difference of Education, the Prejudice of Custom, the Infamy

they incur, while lawless Men are free to rove, are all strong Guards to their Virtue, which we have not to boast; besides, to preserve that Virtue is the one thing needful, which they are from Infancy taught to be the chief End of Woman; 'tis a Lesson constantly inculcated; Fathers, Mothers, Aunts, and Friends, as so many Fences, guard the young, the inexperienced Maid, when first she enters a gay and tempting World; with such Helps, such Restraints, what Apology can she offer for her Fall? Add to this, that she is certain, by a proper Resistance, to encrease her Power; either she gains a Husband, whose Esteem will be equal to his Love, or she gets rid of a worthless Wretch, who sought only her Ruin, by the Gratification of a lawless and indelicate Passion:

But

But say this Wretch, worthless as he is, should nevertheless have become absolute Master of her Heart, ere she knew his dishonourable Designs: I answer, if the Knowledge of these Designs does not cure her, does not make her despise him, she is not virtuous, her Passion then is as indelicate as his own, neither founded on its proper basis, but both selfish and impure. A virtuous Woman cannot love a Rake, knowing him to be so; his fine Form, and specious Manner, may indeed excite a momentary Sensation, but that Heart must be depraved which can attach itself to Vice. These are my Sentiments, and I think they are founded on Reason: I smile, therefore, when I hear any of the fallen Angels telling their piteous tale, and endeavouring

to exculpate themselves, by recounting the cruel Artifices that were practised to seduce them: I may pity them, because they are certainly Objects of Pity, but my Contempt is at least equal to my Compassion.

Now for a little matter of Fact: I told you that *Howard* had, in no very polite way, rejected my Suit; perhaps I may subjoin a Copy of his curious Epistle; since the Receipt of that Epistle, my Charmer has been invisible, at least to me; not even her Morning Rides are now permitted her; I am tempted to flatter myself that these new Restrictions are imposed, because she has expressed some little partiality for her *Bouvery*; many Suitors have been heretofore rejected, but never
till

till now was she so very strictly confined; this I think is rather in my favour; another circumstance still more so, is my having gained over to my interest the 'Squire's bosom Friend, *Wilford*, my shooting Companion, mentioned in a former Letter; he this Morning undertook to deliver a tender Billet-doux for me to my Adorable; he is to spend the day at the Castle, during which time, he doubts not but to find an opportunity of speaking in private to *Miss Howard*, as he is looked upon as one of the Family. Now would you believe it, *Craven*, so capricious (as you, perhaps, will call it, but I should give it a softer Name) is my Delicacy, with respect to Female Decorum, that earnestly as I wish to reveal my Passion to

H 5

her,

her, and to gain an Interest in her Heart, yet I almost hope she will not receive my Epistle; a clandestine Correspondence is what no prudent young Woman ought to engage in; I feel an anxious impatience for the return of my Messenger.—Let his Message be what it will, I must be, in some measure, disappointed; if, as I before said, she receives my Letter, I shall be disappointed by her not having acted up to the high Idea I have form'd of her; and if she rejects it, my sanguine Passion will be disappointed, for at present my Reason and Heart act in opposition to each other; I am in a most uneasy state of Suspence, and you will tell me I deserve to be so, since, like a wayward Child, I don't know what I would

Miss PAMELA HOWARD. 155

I would be at, but I at least know,
that I am,

With true Regard,

My dear *Craven's* Friend,

and humble Servant,

HENRY BOUVERY.

P.S. I was going to transcribe
the 'Squire's stupid Scrawl, but it
puts me out of Patience; I call'd
it stupid; no, the Fellow cannot be
justly accused of that, he does not
want for low Humour; there are
several rustick Jokes in his provok-
ing Letter, which, however, do
not produce much Mirth in your
Friend; the Conclusion is in a
different Style; these are his Words:

“ I suppose, in Civility, I must
“ thank ye, for offering to take

H 6

“ my

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“ my Daughter off my hands; yet
“ I fancy the Thoughts of oblig-
“ ing me, never once entered your
“ Head; be that as it will, I again
“ tell you, that you must not hope
“ for my Consent to a Match,
“ which, in my Opinion, is so
“ little for her Interest or Happi-
“ ness, &c. &c.”

LET-

L E T T E R XH.

Miss HOWARD to *Miss* COVENTRY.

O My dear *Clara*, what have I done? I know not any one action in my whole Life for which I have so severely reproached myself; why did I yield to the Remonstrances of a Man, who, in spite of his sacred Profession, I do not esteem worthy of my Confidence? Alas! It was not his Persuasions, but my own weak Heart which betrayed me into the unpardonable Indiscretion. He brought a Letter to me from Mr. *Bouvery*; his condescending to undertake an Office so ill-suited to his Character, ought, of itself, to have put me on my guard

guard against his specious Arguments; but, ah, they were too flattering to my unhappy Passion to be resisted; certainly he was much to blame to encourage me in entering into a clandestine Correspondence; far better would it have become him to have inculcated Duty to my Parent, than, as he did, to tempt me to a breach of it; but, foolish Girl that I am, his Fault does not extenuate mine; I hardly knew what I did, when, with a trembling Hand, I received it from him; my Agitations encreased as I read the charming Effusions of a Heart, the Possession of which is all I wish for on Earth. But do I take the way to ensure that precious Possession? O, no, he has too much Delicacy to approve my Conduct; already must I have forfeited
his

his good Opinion; the Thoughts of this drives me to Despair; terrify'd at what I had done, and anxious to retrieve his Esteem, I took a method which only served to add to my Imprudence; I wrote to apologize for it, and also to assure him, that I never more would receive a Letter from him without the Knowledge and Approbation of my Father, an event, which at present I saw no reason to hope for; the too officious *Wilford* carried this Answer: Thus have I put myself into the power of a Man, who has, on a thousand Occasions, manifested his selfish Disposition. Who knows how soon he may reveal this indiscreet Secret to his Patron, in order still more to ingratiate himself; already he has but too much Influence; a dangerous Enemy
he

he may prove; and what Concessions may he not extort from me, in order to retain his seeming Friendship.—Friendship! he knows not what it means. In Love Affairs, as I have been told, the first false Step is seldom to be retrieved.—I should have told you that Mr. *Bouvery* has made Proposals to my Father; they were rejected, and that in a way which has added to my Afflictions; I ventured to remonstrate, though in the most submissive gentle Manner; I gain'd nothing by this but a share of that Displeasure, which before was wholly bestowed on my amiable Lover; I was now a giddy, undutiful Girl, who wanted to throw myself into the Arms of the first gaudy Rake who would condescend to receive me; but he would take care to
save

save me from Ruin; no more should I be suffer'd to gad abroad; *Prue* has received, in consequence of this Resolution, new Injunctions to be strictly watchful over her unhappy Charge; fortunately for me, these Instructions were delivered in a style which wou'd her Pride; she thinks herself too wise, too prudent, to stand in need of them; she strongly resembles the Duenna in the *Padlock*, and I doubt not, with all her boasted Experience and Discretion, would, by an artful Lover, be as easily imposed on; add to this, that her Brother has great sway with her. How dangerous for a young Girl like me, ignorant of the Ways of the World, to be so much in their power: Yet, if I am not wanting to myself, Heaven will, I trust, vouchsafe me a Protection,

tection, without which, vain is the Aid of my Fellow-creatures. You, too, my sweet sensible Cousin, will, I hope, from time to time, favour me with your Advice; for ah! how much superior has your Conduct been to that of your poor *Pamela*! Though as young, and placed in a situation so much more dangerous, I severely feel my humbling inferiority. But do not for this cruelly deprive me of your Friendship; I will endeavour to render myself more worthy of it. I have digressed from the subject that I had enter'd on. I meant to tell you, that *Prue* now espouses my cause against that of what she perhaps justly calls an arbitrary Father. *Bouvery*, she says, is, by all accounts, every way deserving of me, his Birth; his Fortune unexceptionable; for ever is she
 launch-

launching out in his Praise; no doubt 'tis at the Instigation of the artful *Wilford* that she assumes this new Character. Have I not reason to be on my Guard, since she thus attacks me on my weak side? She receiv'd orders strictly to confine me, but my Father is much from Home; I fear his frequent Visits to a rich sprightly Widow in our neighbourhood bode me no good. Oh, *Clara*, should he give me a Mother-in-law, what will become of me? What may I not expect to suffer from a Woman of Mrs. *Bellmour's* Disposition? fond of Power, of a violent Spirit, vain to excess, and still young enough to attract, or at least to expect Admiration. 'Tis the general opinion, that it will be a Match. Now will my infatuated Father be govern'd in his turn.

Tyrant

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Tyrant as he was to his first amiable Wife, this bids fair for the mastery; second Marriages are seldom productive of Happiness. But I shall tire you Patience; for ever am I running into this fault. Forgive me. I release you, my sweet Friend, with assuring you, that I am, and ever will be,

Your most affectionate,

P. HOWARD.

LET-

Miss PAMELA HOWARD. 165

L E T T E R XIII.

Miss COVENTRY to *Miss* HOWARD.

I MUST freely speak my Sentiments, dear *Pamela* ; my Sincerity will not suffer me to console you at the expence of Truth. You was to blame in receiving *Bouvery's* Epistle, and still more so, as you justly observe, in answering it.—Much, very much caution is required in these delicate affairs, especially with a Man of the World. The ungenerous Sex, indeed, even from the Prince to the Peasant, are ever on the watch to take advantage of our weakness. That *Wilford* is a Wretch ; trust him not, as you value your Peace. This your
first

first false step may be retrieved by your future caution. I am glad, my sweet Friend, that you feel such amiable regret for having, in this one instance, play'd the Woman, and prefer'd Self-will to Duty. Let you and I, my Dear, endeavour to assert the Dignity of our Sex. Giddy and Coquette as I appear, that character is rather assumed than natural, though you will own it sets exceedingly easy on me ; 'tis politic, in order to guard myself from that dangerous Sensibility to which my Heart is subject. I put the men out of their Play by my Playfulness, and laugh away the serious Impressions they might otherwise make on me ; but in the midst of all my Gaiety, no Prude can have stricter notions of Female Decorum. Come, then, my lovely Friend, let us join forces,

forces, and I hope we may (if, as you justly say, not wanting to ourselves) set the Male Wretches at defiance; we have each a competent portion of Beauty and Fortune, sufficient of themselves to tempt half the mercenary Sex to enlist under our Banner; we cannot, therefore, expect to glide through Life without a few rubs; the more caution does it require to pursue a steady path. I fancy neither of us intend, or are form'd by Nature, (Heaven forbid that we should!) to figure in the Old Maids Assembly; but we are young, and have time enough to look about us, let us not then hastily chuse a Mate, till we meet our kindred Souls. — That, (you eagerly exclaim,) I have already done. Where shall I find it, but in my *Bowery*? — Oh! to be sure; and yet,

yet, Child, I have my doubts about this same agreeable Mortal ; he has two Characters in the world ; I have made it my business to enquire a little about him, since he has been distinguished by your good Graces. The Men, one and all, pronounce him the worthiest Fellow in *England* ; perhaps I don't think the better of him for this ; as to the Women, gentle Creatures, they blush, sigh, shake their pretty empty heads, endeavour to look with meaning, and cry, To be sure, every one must acknowledge that he is an exceeding fine Gentleman, but I would not wish to be in his power ; 'tis possible that he may not wish it neither, for he is far from being a general Admirer, very difficult to please.— So much the better ; you have pleased ; how could you fail, charming

ing Girl as you are, both in Mind and Person ? and with proper care I doubt not but you will please to the end of the Chapter ; you have a strait path before you, lose not an inch of your ground ; at all events be virtuous ; he has made you, by his wiles, step a few paces out of your way ; he met you in a rugged road, from which, however, knowing it was the only one which could safely lead you to the end of your journey, you ought not to have stray'd ; but he, forsooth, would shew you a nearer and pleasanter way ; this way your Father had inclosed, and prohibited as forbidden ground ; but then 'twas so easy to scramble over the fence ; he took your too yielding hand ; over you sprung ; you felt a momentary transport from the flowery scene that presented itself,

but a sly cast in the face of your Guide, a freedom in his Manner, gave you the alarm ; you wisely took to your heels, and, at the expence of a few scratches from the thorny hedge, regain'd the less inviting, but safer path, which you had too heedlessly quitted ; so here you are again ; and now, Child, let us, arm in arm, march steadily on, till we reach the Temple of *Hymen*, there, waiting to receive us, Virtue, as a reward, has, I hope, two worthy Youths ready to take us for better for worse, and to be our faithful Guides till Death do us part. — Horrid ! in what a style do I write this morning ! so grave, so moral, so much like a sober Maiden Aunt, giving advice to her inattentive Niece. — Enough ; let's change the subject.

I have

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I have been making a curious visit this morning. You have heard me mention my odd Soul of a Cousin, Lord *Henley* ; if I remember, you was with me when we receiv'd the news of his Marriage ; a Love-Match, as the world thought, but I, who saw further into his character than the superficial multitude, knew that 'twas impossible a Passion of that nature should find entrance into so flimsy a Heart as his. Vanity rules there with despotic sway, a droll sort of Vanity, which he never more manifested than in the choice of his Deary ; his Ambition was to have the handsomest Wife in *England* ; Birth, Parentage, and Education were out of the question ; Beauty was deem'd the only requisite, 'twas this alone he sought, and this, we must own,

he has found in perfection, if a face can be beautiful which has neither Life nor Expression. He pick'd up the Girl in some obscure village, a poor ignorant raw thing, without even a Capacity to receive Instruction; the only lesson, therefore, which he attempted to teach her was, to hold her Tongue. No bad Advice; pity his wife Lordship does not profit by it; but, indeed, 'tis the less matter now-a-days, when Folly is in fashion, and no more is expected from our titled Gentry, but to dress well, to game deep, and to squander away their Estates as fast as they can. In vain do we pray that our Senators may be taught Wisdom; fruitless hitherto has been that Petition. Well, Child, this honest Lordling has, by some means or other, become a Father; a Son
and

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and Heir is produced, Madam fits in state to see Company, and to be seen. Grand - mamma, and your humble Servant, went, like the rest of the world, to congratulate, and so forth; our Cousin, fidgetting, busy Mortal, flew to hand us from our Carriage; he led us into a Parlour; his first Salutation to me was, Your Hair is well dress'd, *Miss Coventry*; that Cap, too, suits the cast of your Features; I am glad to see such a reform in you. I remember, last time we met at Lady *Boyle's*, you had absolutely disguised yourself.— You will be in raptures with my Wife, she looks forty times handsomer than ever; I was in terror the whole time of her pregnancy, lest it should injure her shape. I had, indeed, been assured, that an affair of that nature would be of

advantage to her Complexion, or I believe, simpering, I should never have ventured to let her become a Mother. Indeed I took care to make her lace up; then her diet always underwent my inspection; the Girl took it into her head to long for a thousand ridiculous things, and had such a horrid appetite, that, had I not strictly watch'd her, she would absolutely have made herself a Fright. The foolish Doctors encouraged her in her Whims, but I never suffer'd her to taste any liquor but water, and abridg'd her to one meal a day, so that she is now as delicate, as thin, as any Lady in *England*. It was a good while ere I could get the horrid country Bloom out of her Cheeks; I have taken infinite pains; and now, I believe, I may venture to boast, that I have the
hand-

handsomest Wife in the three Kingdoms. How the Men envy me, and the Women her! Every thing about her is in such Taste, too. Come, come, you shall see, 'twas all my own invention, even to the most trifling particular of her Dress; for some months pass'd, planning the manner in which she should make her appearance, has engrossed my whole thoughts. But let me lead you to her Ladyship; I fear she will be a little languid now; you come so late, and she has had a crowd of Company, you must make allowance for that, remember.

Thus prated this Monkey of a Man till we reached her Apartment. The door flew open at his touch, and presented a Scene the most laughably ridiculous that ever was exhibited. At the head of the room

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sat the unfortunate Victim of his Vanity, on a Throne rais'd some steps from the floor, and canopy'd with white satin, fring'd with silver; the walls were cover'd in the same expensive manner; the Carpet also was white, sprigg'd with silver. At the lower end of the Apartment was plac'd a sort of Toilette, cover'd with rich Point, on which stood Caudle and Cake. The China which contain'd these were white, edg'd with Festoons of silver; on each side of it was stuck up a fair young Damsel, dress'd in flowing robes of Muslin, with long Veils. In the same style, near the Throne, a couple more sat on low Stools, and before them a Cradle, caparisoned with Point; the Nymphs held in their Hands broad Ribbands, of White and Silver, fastened to this said Cradle, by which

which they rock'd it; on the other side of the Throne sat likewise on Stools, a pair of fat Nurses; the Wife-acre of a Lord whisper'd me, pointing to them, Out of Size, quite out of Size! I search'd the whole Town ere I could meet even with any so tolerable; a horrid overgrown set of Wretches! I made them dress, though, as you see, with some degree of Taste. Curious Figures they were, *Pam*, with their White Robes and Red Faces; they sat dozing, Arms across, splaw Hands clasped in each other. The chief Puppet in this Farce was adorned in a manner that dazzled the Beholders; a sort of Coronet of Jewels on her Head, her Neck sparkling with the same, her fine Hair flowing loosely on her Shoulders, her Robes of Silver Tissue, trimm'd

with Point; I never beheld a more beautiful Statue; he made me remark her Attitude; her Head reclined on her Hand; poor Soul, it seemed to want support; I dare say she is half starved; she sighs, and is no Countess in her Heart; better had she continued in her peaceful Cottage, and had her fill of wholesome Food, than to be thus dieted into Shape and Complexion. We had by this time taken our Seats, made our Curtseys, she her Bow, every thing was in Dumb-shew, my Lord made a sign, up slowly rose the Matrons, and side by side march'd to the Cradle, the Damsels joined the Procession, and two and two approach'd us with the puny Representative of the *Henleys*. I kiss'd its little pale cold Cheek. — I am interrupted, my Dear, and

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and that by the fair *Kitty Parker*;
she gently reminds me that I am
engaged with a Party to the Pan-
theon—Very true, Child; I shall, as
you say, hardly have time to dress.
Adieu, then, my lovely Country
Cousin,

Ever yours,

CLARA COVENTRY.

LETTER XIV.

Mr. BOUVERY to Mr. CRAVEN.

SHE did receive my Letter, *Craven*; she did more, she answered it; yet still I love, nay, esteem her almost as much as ever; her Epistle spoke the Agitation of her gentle Heart; Modesty, and a becoming Reserve, beam'd through the whole. *Wilford* took her by surprize; does this excuse her? 'Tis a provoking Subject; no more of it.—An Event has happened which may be of service to me, but, notwithstanding this, I am heartily sorry for it, on account of my *Pamela*; that cunning old Fox, her Father, has been taken in by a buxom young Dowager, who,
in

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in the before-mentioned quality, is, or I am much mistaken in her Character, more than a match for his Worship; yesterday she condescended to bestow her Hand on him at the foot of the Altar; it was a public, and in the true style of *English* Hospitality, a brilliant Wedding; the 'Squire's Cellars were thrown open, and half the Parish got drunk in toasting the happy Pair. Alas, in the midst of all this Mirth and Riot, how sad would be the Heart of my Love; mine sympathizes in her Distress; much Vexation has she to fear from such a Mother-in-law, weak, vain, and tyrannical; on my first arrival here she sought my acquaintance, as fond of a Red Coat as any Miss of Fifteen; her House was the lounging Place for all the idle young Fellows

lows of the Regiment; *Saunders*, needy in his Fortune, tempted by her Jointure, made desperate love to her, but she was too old a Bird to be caught with Chaff; the Jade had the assurance to set her Cap at your humble Servant; she assailed me both with Tongue and Eyes; Ah! horrid! I am absolutely sick, when I recollect the odious languishment of the latter; the amorous Dame stopp'd not at these alone, but I stopp'd at every thing, so she made, as you may suppose, very little progress; still, however, she was determined to favour me with her good graces; not a day pass'd in which I did not receive a Billet-doux from her fair Hand, by way of inviting me to her Parties; I went sometimes, for want of better Amusement, but never 'till
last

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last *Monday* did I happen to meet my Rival there; indeed, for some Weeks she thought proper to keep their Courtship a secret from the World; good policy to secure him, ere she gave his Friends time to treat him with their Advice, knowing that those who wish'd him well, would spare no pains to nip his imprudent Passion in the bud; but once full blown, and arrived at maturity, she had defiance to the rude breath of Censure. Last *Monday*, as I said, I went to pay her a Visit, having been inform'd that my Charmer was sometimes suffer'd to honour her with her Company; but instead of the angel Daughter, who should I stumble on but the surly Father; as I enter'd, he quitted the fair Hand of his Dulcinea, on which he had, Lover like, been breath-

breathing out his tender Vows;
 Red as Scarlet grew his jolly Face
 on my unexpected appearance; I
 bow'd with the most careless Air
 imaginable, up sprung the brisk
 Widow—Ah! Mr. *Bouvery*! this is,
 indeed, a Favour; I thought we
 had lost you; where have you been
 this Age past, you agreeable Devil?
 Mr. *Howard*, turning to the gloomy
 'Squire, give me leave to introduce
 this Gentleman to your acquaintance;
 he is a particular Friend of mine. I
 advanc'd with an easy assurance, and
 motion'd to take his hand, as if he
 had been an utter stranger to me;
 whip behind him, with a quick
 motion, clapp'd he his clumsy fists;—
 As he pleas'd—there is a soft lovely
 Hand in his Family which I would
 indeed receive with transport, but
 about those he so rudely withdrew,
 you

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you may believe I was perfectly indifferent. What's the meaning of this, (cried the astonish'd Dame,) Mr. *Howard*? (bridling;) Is it thus you treat my Guests? O, ho, if this is what I am to expect, 'tis well a certain affair is no farther advanced; never will I marry a Man who will dare to look coolly on my Friends. Let me tell you, Sir, when I become your Wife, I shall insist on seeing what Company I please. The honest 'Squire made wry faces, and with some difficulty gulp'd down this bitter pill. Madam, return'd he, (but not with a very cordial air,) you know your power, you know I love you too well to oppose you in any reasonable request; all reasonable liberty shall be allowed you; but as to this fine Gentleman, this Mr. *Bouvery*—Sir, interrupted I, with

I, with a voice that made him start, what of Mr. *Bouvery*? I have not yet forgot the indignant treatment I received from you, though I have not yet resented it, but flatter not yourself that I will tamely put up with a second affront; I condescended to solicit your Alliance; mine, Sir, let me tell you, would have done you honour; the manner in which you rejected my Suit was such as I might have expected from a Clown, but very inconsistent with the Politeness of a Gentleman.—What! exclaim'd the Widow, did you think of *Pamela Howard* as a Wife? My Stars! what a Choice! Who could have thought the gay accomplished *Bouvery* would have dreamt of such a thing? A raw Country Girl!—Madam, let us not speak disrespectfully of the young Lady;

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Lady; my pursuit is at an end; I was rejected; Pride has conquer'd my Passion; Wives are not so scarce, that a Man of Birth and Fortune need go a begging for one.—And such a Fortune as my Girl's, cry'd the 'Squire, let me tell you, young Gentleman, has been sought for, aye, and begg'd for too, by your Betters.—Mean wretches, then, they must have been, interrupted I with indignation, if that was what they sought; justly did you let such mercenaries seek in vain; I was actuated by far different motives; but 'tis past, no Man in *England* shall refuse me twice.—You are quite right, said the Widow, I should never have thought of your being once refused; such an ignorant baby-fac'd Girl, too.—Come, don't rail at my *Pam.* neither, cry'd the 'Squire,

'Squire, the Gentleman speaks like a Gentleman. I don't want such a fine military Spark for a Son-in-law, that's the truth of the matter, what signifies fibbing; I am old Honesty, sincere and above-board, as a true free-born *Englishman* ought, but for any thing else, I am his humble Servant.—And I your's, return'd I, smiling, and holding out my hand, adding, you will not now, I hope, refuse me your's, 'Squire, as a Friend and Acquaintance. He took my hand, but shaking his head, with a rather arch look, an Acquaintance, you say, and an Acquaintance of my Daughter's too, I suppose; that's of course, you know; look ye, young Gentleman, unpolish'd and blunt as I appear, I have Common-sense as well as my Neighbours, and can see as far through a mill-

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a mill-stone as yourself; we shall, I believe, be best Friends at a distance. — Then, Sir, interrupted the Widow, bridling, I will also know how to keep you at a distance, since I see what I have to expect from your ill-breeding and ridiculous obstinacy; think not that I will consent to be shut up in your old gloomy Castle, and debarr'd the Society of my Friends; if you knew Mr. *Bouvery* as well as me, you would know, that he has too much Spirit to court any Man's Daughter where his Addresses are not receiv'd as an Honour; I am sure *Pamela Howard* was highly honour'd by his deigning to bestow on her a single thought, since her Betters, (and she toss'd her head,) would have deem'd themselves happy to be so distinguished. — I bowed.

On

On your Acquaintance, Madam, I have ever set a just value, (no fib this, *George*;) but since I find my Visits to you, when you become Mrs. *Howard*, will be disagreeable to your Lord and Master, I must, for your sake, deny myself that pleasure.—My Lord and Master indeed, for such he threatens to be; but thank my stars, he has timely unmask'd. Then turning to him, I would have you to know, Mr. *Howard*, that I have too long been Mistress of my own conduct, not to set a just value on my precious Liberty; I thought too you had so good an opinion of my Discretion, that you would, without reserve, have committed to me the charge of your Daughter. From my Acquaintances and Friends I am sure she has nothing to fear; if I imagined Mr.

Bouvery

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Bowvery had any designs of the nature you foolishly apprehend, I am sure I should be the last person in the world to introduce him to your Family. I have too much regard (and she look'd at me with meaning) for him to be any way accessory to so preposterous an Union. *Miss Howard* is rich indeed, but much more than that is, I think, required in a Wife for one of the finest Gentlemen of the Age.—(Again I bow'd. Though sufficiently disgusted with her fulsome Flattery, yet I now, for the first time, saw the advantage of being in her favour.)—This I promise you, continued she, that if I should condescend to become yours, I shall watch, perhaps more vigilantly than yourself, to prevent any affair of that nature. — Well, well, cry'd the amorous
Squire,

'Squire, do as you please, you shall be Mistress of your own conduct; as to *Pam* — Interrupted — What now, *John*? Ah, as I live, an Epistle from the Bride. How welcome now are her Scrawls! Only hear how kindly she writes.—Pho! never mind the spelling, Man. Go on; I'll leave you to amuse yourself at her expence, while I fly to adorn my sweet Person for the important Visit.

The B I L L E T.

" I hop'd that you would have
 " deign'd to honour my Wedding
 " with your Presence. I may at
 " least expect that you will, like
 " the rest of my Friends, pay me
 " a Visit of Congratulation. I be-
 " lieve if my honest Man had not
 " been so averse to your coming
 " here,

“ here, I should have been less so-
“ licitous to continue my Intimacy
“ with one who is but too much
“ form’d to please, and who is, at
“ the same time, so ill to please ;
“ but I determin’d not to yield an
“ inch of my just Prerogative ; it
“ might have taught him a bad
“ custom. But did you really, is it
“ possible you should bestow a se-
“ rious thought, on that Child his
“ Daughter ? I do not think you
“ are of a mercenary disposition,
“ yet what but her large Fortune
“ could attract you ? The Girl is
“ absolutely, in my opinion, an
“ awkward blushing Rustic ; a to-
“ lerable Complexion and Eyes in-
“ deed, though the last have no
“ meaning in them ; but her Per-
“ son is too thin to be graceful ; in
“ a Country Assembly, to be sure, she
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“ may pass; but you who have been
 “ accustomed to Beauty, you to think
 “ her tolerable, — positively, I am
 “ astonished at your Taste; then she
 “ is such a soft silly Soul; not one
 “ spark of Vivacity; I hate your
 “ Inanimates; the Creature is so
 “ watery-headed too, I have no pa-
 “ tience with her, always weeping,
 “ forsooth; if I were never so wil-
 “ ling, there is no such thing as
 “ introducing such a Simpleton into
 “ company; she puts one out of
 “ Countenance; I believe, however,
 “ you will see her this afternoon,
 “ as I cannot all at once banish
 “ her into the Nursery; though
 “ that starch’d piece of antiquity,
 “ *Prue*, and she are the fittest
 “ companions for each other. If
 “ on this occasion I should discover
 “ — Remember, I shall watch you;
 “ my

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"—my Promise is given to Mr.
" *Howard*. I hope you have too
" much Pride.—Come, your pre-
" sence, your society is too desir-
" able to be relinquish'd for his
" ridiculous fancies; they cannot, I
" must flatter myself, they can have
" no foundation. Adieu, I shall
" expect you to Tea.

Yours, &c.

ANNABELLA HOWARD."

K 2

L E T-

LETTER XV.

Mr. BOUVERY to Mr. CRAVEN.

O The angelick Creature ! never did she appear half so lovely as last night ; I could hardly credit my Senses, when I found myself in that antiquated Castle, which some time ago was to me so impregnable ; but a strange Revolution has taken place since the Master play'd the fool and marry'd ; his reign is at an end, and Petticoat - Government is absolutely established ; a fortunate change for your humble Servant. The Widow, (cry her mercy) the Bride, I should say, received me in the most gracious manner ; I know not how I return'd her
Com-

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Compliments, for at her side sat the charming irresistible *Pamela*, dress'd in Virgin White, in honour of her Step-dame; a Dress so elegantly fancy'd; never did Nature and Art combine to form a more enchanting Object; her fine Hair, so negligently becoming; the fresh gather'd rose-buds in her Bosom were faint when compared to the blushing, the more delicate tint of her Cheeks; her Eyes so bright, yet so languishingly sweet, the Air of her Countenance so modestly feminine, the nicest Criticks in Beauty could not find one single Defect either in her Face or Person; my Heart bounded to my Lips the instant I beheld her; the emotion of her's at my unexpected appearance was manifest; she turned pale, rose to perform the usual Ceremonies, but was forced to support her-

self, by resting one of her snowy Hands on the back of her Chair. In spite of the Discretion with which I fancy'd I had arm'd myself, I fear my joyful emotions did not escape Mrs. *Howard's* watchful Eye; she looked first at me, then at the agitated *Pamela*; a momentary frown clouded her Brow, while I stammer'd out some incoherent sentences, by way of Congratulation on her Marriage; she made a slight curt'sy in return, bridled, and resum'd her Seat. I plump'd into the first that offer'd, it happen'd to be next *Prue*, who was arm'd at all points with Finery, a new Foretop, five-inches higher than usual, no expence of Powder spared, nor had she been more niggardly of rose-coloured Ribbons; she needed not a Hoop to keep Male Creatures at a distance, her sacred

Virgi-

Virginity never has, nor ever will be attempted; happy Nymph, whom Nature has thus fenced round, and guarded from intriguing Man, who has stamped Chastity on every Feature, and decreed that she shall, in spite of herself, be virtuous; there is something so horridly forbidding in her Countenance, that I almost despaired of gaining the least share of her good graces; yet, as one of the Dragons who watches the tempting fruit, I thought it was at least worth the attempt; Flattery, all powerful Flattery, did my business; nothing could be more gross than that with which I treated her, yet it went down; ere the conclusion of my Visit, she whisper'd me, My Brother, Mr. *Bouvery*, by his just praises, prepossess'd me in your favour; but now you need no other

Advocate but your own merit; depend on my friendship, and every service which I can render you; I press'd her wither'd Hand, nay, could almost have found in my heart to have kissed her for her kindness; affairs are now, *Charles*, in as prosperous a way as I could wish; my only study must be to keep well with the Step-mother. I fear I was rather off my guard on the first meeting with my Adorable, but I endeavour'd, as soon as I could recollect myself, to repair my fault, by throwing a dash of the Tender into my behaviour when I address'd the amorous Dame; she seem'd perfectly satisfy'd, but I must not place too much confidence on appearances, for I know her to be as artful as the D—l. *Howard* came in while we were at Tea;
he

he did not give me the most cordial Welcome in the World; I could not expect it; however, I endeavoured to adapt myself to his Humour, by talking on his favourite Subjects; it would not do; he answered me only by sullen Monosyllables; nay, sometimes did not vouchsafe an Answer, but, like a Clown as he is, sat knocking his Heels, and amusing himself with a Whistle in spite of many significant nods and winks from his Bride, who blush'd for his Rusticity. I was perfectly indifferent about the matter. Never did I pass so delightful an evening; the presence of my Angel *Pamela* fill'd me with inexpressible delight; she was almost totally silent the whole time, but when she did speak, her Voice was sweet as the Shepherd's Pipe. I made

a most unconscionably long Visit, nor know I when I should have taken my leave, had not the 'Squire, after looking a hundred times at his Watch, at last peevishly asked, Are we to have no supper to night, Madam? directing the question to Mrs. *Howard*; this he said in a most surly accent. I rose; Pardon me, Sir, I did not imagine it had been so late, but such agreeable society, bowing in particular to the Lady of the Mansion, makes the hours glide imperceptibly away. You will not leave us yet, cry'd she; a family Repast; you will excuse ceremony; I regard you as my Friend. The 'Squire frown'd, and quitted his Seat; this was too intelligible a Hint for me to mistake his meaning; I was forced to beat my march, though with infinite reluctance; the Bride
hoped

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hoped she should soon see me again;
Pamela's lovely Eyes gave me a
still more pressing invitation, but
never a word said Old Surly; I
shall go nevertheless. I am more
than half asleep; now for pleasing
Dreams.

Arise, ye dear Deceits, arise
And, dress'd in *Howard's* Form,
My eager, my delighted Eyes,
With her Resemblance charm.

Adieu, *Craven*.

Yours, sincerely,

BOUVERY.

K 6

LET-

L E T T E R XVI.

Miss HOWARD to Miss COVENTRY.

MY last short melancholy note would inform my dearest *Clara*, that the dreaded event I had so long expected has taken place; yes, my Father has given me a second—Mother, must I call her? Ah, how unlike the first! Alas! he, I fear, will have as much reason as me to regret this fatal step; hitherto she has condescended to play the hypocrite, and to treat me with some degree of civility, though she affects to regard me as a Child, ignorant and uneducated, therefore not qualified to appear in Company, far less as fit to be a Companion for one
of

of her Understanding : As she pleases ; for the last, 'tis a Distinction of which I am not at all ambitious. You will be surpriz'd to find I write so coolly, to find so little of the rapturous, when I have told you my last night's Adventure ; but the momentary Delight it gave me is effectually damp'd, by the consequence I have to expect from it.—
Mr. *Bouvery*, my Dear, was here last night ; nothing could equal my astonishment, my fluttering emotions, when I saw him, with his usual Grace, enter our Drawing-room ; I dare say I look'd exceedingly silly ; I felt my colour change, I trembled, and was obliged to support myself on the back of my chair ; the dear Man himself underwent no small agitation ; that agitation, and my foolish flutter, were but too visible ;
he,

he, indeed, soon regained a proper share of ease in his manner; but I never in my life acquitted myself so awkwardly, and this awkwardness continued during his whole Visit; hardly durst I venture to open my lips; the watchful eyes, of my Stepmother were constantly upon me; the presence of my Father, too, added to my embarrassment; I was almost glad when he took his leave—'twas only almost, for in spite of the before-mention'd alloys to my Happiness, I felt an inexpressible Joy in being so near him, in listening to his engaging Conversation, and in now and then stealing a Look at a Figure and Face so formed as his to please. My Father was visibly out of Humour, and even treated him with some degree of Rudeness; this

this rendered Mr. *Bouvery's* con-
descending and polite Behaviour to
him the more engagingly striking.
With visible reluctance he at last
took his leave; Mrs. *Howard* gave
him a general Invitation to our
House; he bow'd; my Father
frown'd; I, who observ'd a storm
gathering on his contracted brow,
which I doubted not would burst
on me, betook myself to flight; as
Bouvery went out at one door, I
whisk'd out at the other, and hurried
up to my chamber, where I threw
myself into a chair, and endeavour'd
to recollect every Look, Word, and
Motion of my charming Enslaver;
How sweet the pleasing retrospect;
for, ah! how amiable are his every
Word and Looks.

I had

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I had for near half an hour indulg'd this delightful Reverie, when *Prue* hastily bounc'd into the room; O Miss! Miss! cry'd she, what a Plot is forming against you below! I started from my seat; Good Heavens! by whom? (Terror was in my accent.) By your artful Step-mother, return'd she; I listened and heard a good part of their Conversation; for, added she, tossing her head, your wise Father no longer deems me worthy of his Confidence; finely does his hopeful Help-mate already exert her Power and Authority; she now, forsooth, is to be your Governess—As he pleases. Well, then, *Pamela*, instead of the former Office, which is unjustly taken from me, I offer myself as your Friend; he may one day repent the
affront

affront he has put upon me; never before was my Prudence called in question. Dry up your tears, Child, we will be too cunning for all their weak devices; take courage, *Bouvery* shall be yours; he deserves you; charming Man as he is, I am almost in love with him myself; he knows how to distinguish a Woman of Sense: I am sure he despises your Mother, though she makes most shameful Advances to gain his Favour: I long ago heard it whisper'd that she was in love with him, and this afternoon I was convinced of it—Such amorous Glances! Indeed, *Pamela*, you have every thing to fear from a Woman of her Character, especially as she is your Rival. Let us not be too severe in judging from appearances, my dear

Prue.

Prue, interrupted I; she is my Father's Wife; I must endeavour to respect her; their Honours are now connected; let us then be cautious of wounding her's, since his must also be injur'd by our rash censures; rather tell me what you have heard; that Plot, at which you hinted, makes me tremble. Why, Child, said she, ere I left them, your Father express'd the highest displeasure at *Bauvery's* Visit; on which his saucy Wife wink'd at him, and desired me to quit the room, as she wanted to have some private conversation with Mr. *Howard*. Once I might have been trusted, but the scene is chang'd. I obey'd, however, her insolent orders, but not without muttering my resentment. I bounc'd the door after me, and
went

went into your Father's Closet, which is only, you know, divided by a thin partition, for I was determin'd, if possible, to discover the mighty Secret, in spite of Madam's fine Caution. The first words I heard were, I see it, Mr. *Howard*; I am now convinced your Suspicions were just. I am glad I have detected the falshood of his Assurances; his Visit, instead of doing any mischief, has been of advantage, as it has put me more on my guard than I should have been while I doubted of his Intentions. 'Tis clear that the Girl is violently in love with his pretty Person, and that he is no less enamour'd of her Fortune. We have, continued she, every thing to fear from a man of his enterprising Genius, and from a silly ignorant Girl,
govern'd

govern'd by a violent Passion. All our Watchfulness will hardly be able to prevent an Elopement; and how disagreeable will it render our lives, to be always in terror of this Event; always on our guard, as Spies upon her Conduct? I see no effectual remedy to prevent this impendent Match, but to marry her immediately to a man whom you can approve.—But I know none such at present, interrupted Mr. *Howard*. — Then ensued a Pause. — At last, said she, — I have a Nephew, a very worthy young Man, the only Son of my only Sister; she is a Widow. The Lad has not seen much of the World; he is, like you, an honest Country Gentleman; his Estate is about Two Thousand a year, clear of all incumbrances; if you approve
of

of him for a Son-in-law, I dare say he will have no objections to your Daughter ; I am sure you would like him, for he is quite of your own Turn. — No more did I hear, continued *Prue*, for at that moment Mr. *Howard* was call'd out to one of his Tenants. — But you know his Wife too well, *Pamela*, to doubt of her carrying her point. — 'Tis too certain, cry'd I, clasping my hands ; I see, I see my ruin is determin'd. What, my dear *Clara*, shall I do ? How shall I avoid, how escape this new, this most dreadful Misfortune, with which I am threaten'd ? *Prue's* Advice I rejected with horror ; nothing could be more imprudent ; no, 'tis that of my sensible delicate Cousin from which alone I hope for Benefit and Consolation. Quick, quick,

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quick, my only true Friend, write, and teach your artless, inexperienced *Pamela* how she ought to act. Be virtuous, at all events, you say;—Heaven forbid I should ever be otherwise; but teach me also, my sweet Monitress, how (consistent with any share of Happiness) I can obey the severe Dictates which Duty to my Father will impose. I cannot, ah! I never can give my Hand to any other but to him who is absolute Master of my Heart; but I can continue single, and that without regret. Adieu; 'tis impossible to describe my painful Sensation. What a charming situation is yours! independent, free to chuse, and free to manifest your generous Benevolence. Alas! of what use to me are my riches! how much to my
disad-

Miss PAMELA HOWARD. 215

disadvantage is the comparison of
our different Fates ! But I don't
envy, though I wish for the same
Felicity. Long, long, charming
Clara, may yours continue, is the
sincere Prayer of your

PAMELA HOWARD.

The END of VOL. I.